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THE MURDER

Angel Face

ORIGINAL RECIPIENT RESPONSIBLE FOR CUSTODY AND FOR RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT, AND MAY NOT LEND OR DELIVER TO ANOTHER PERSON WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORITY

PART I - II - III - IV - I - II - VII
VIII - II - I - X - THE END

FINAL SCRIPT

111

Changed
6-25-52
6-26-52
7-5-52
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7-12-52

JUNE 17, 1952

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THE MURDER

PART I - FINAL

6/17/52 1 1

ORIGINAL RECIPIENT RESPONSIBLE FOR CUSTODY AND FOR RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT, AND MAY NOT LEND OR DELIVER TO ANOTHER PERSON WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORITY

Received from 6/17/52 1 1

RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

THE MURDER

PART I - FINAL

FADE IN

INT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL LOBBY

1 There is a large bell on the white wall and below it a clock which points to five minutes to twelve. Under the clock is a desk at which sits the pretty nurse-receptionist, MARY BENNETT. As the CAMERA PANS DOWN on her she is smilingly fending off a pass from FRANK JESSUP, an engaging guy in a white uniform. He is not just being fresh: we feel the relaxed intimacy between them.

MARY (1)
Unh-unh! Take off before somebody runs a red light. I'm hungry.

He starts unbuttoning his jacket as he moves away.

FRANK (2)
What's for dinner?

MARY (3)
A beautiful T-bone.
(a beat)
Get some beer and pick me up in ten minutes.

FRANK (4)
Right with you, baby.

Frank starts down the hall toward the locker rooms. The bell RINGS. He stops short, turns and glares at bell. Mary gives him a look and picks up the phone. While she is making a note of the address, Frank buttons up his white coat.

MARY (5)
Inhalator job. Up in the hills.

She hands him a slip of paper.

(CONTINUED)

1 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (6)
(growls)
If they'd held it five minutes we'd have been out of here.
(over his shoulder)
Take the car. I'll call you soon as I'm through.

He exits.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

2 An ambulance, with Frank at the wheel and the attendant, BILL, beside him, comes out fast, SIREN screaming.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

3 The ambulance moves fast up the twisting road. There are sheer drops on one side, with a view of the Los Angeles city lights far below.

EXT. TREMAYNE HOUSE - NIGHT

4 It is a large house almost on the edge of a cliff. A doctor's car and a police sedan are parked in the driveway. A cop is standing in the entrance to the driveway and he directs ambulance along the secondary driveway that runs beside the house. Frank and Bill jump out and take out the inhalator and other emergency apparatus. Meanwhile a Japanese manservant (SATSUMA) appears in the door and the cop comes up.

COP (7)
Gas.

BILL (8)
Suicide?

SATSUMA (9)
(earnestly)
No, sir. An accident. Mrs. Tremayne was --

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (10)
(brushing by)
Okay. Where is she?

SATSUMA (11)
Upstairs.

The ambulance men hurry through the door.

INT. TREMAYNE HOUSE - NIGHT

5 The ambulance men follow the Japanese manservant up the stairway and into the upper hall. Faintly, over scene, we HEAR a distant piano playing the theme piece. Halfway down the hall a door is ajar. Satsuma knocks, enters and stands by the door. Frank brushes past him into the big, beautifully furnished bedroom. Lying in bed is MRS. CATHERINE TREMAYNE. She is breathing very fast, gasping out her story to a police sergeant who is making notes. Leaning over her is the family doctor. He is about to administer a hypodermic. Close by, looking down at his wife with diffident concern is CHARLES TREMAYNE. He has a distinguished face and an English accent.

The doctor looks round at the ambulance man.

DOCTOR (12)
(indicates
resuscitator
carried by Bill)
We won't need that.
(to Frank)
Stand by with the oxygen.

Frank nods, sets down his inhalator near the fireplace while Bill exits with the resuscitator. Frank looks casually over the room while Mrs. Tremayne spills out her story. His eyes turn to the fireplace. There are unburned logs on the andirons and beside the fireplace a valve controlling the gas jet under the grate.

MRS. TREMAYNE (13)
...it was like being smothered...
my head was pounding...I tried
to reach the balcony...the doors
were closed...I called for...

DOCTOR (14)
(soothingly)
All right, now...just relax the
arm.

(CONTINUED)

5 (CONTINUED)

The police sergeant shoots a questioning glance from her to Tremayne as the doctor administers the hypodermic -- which we do not see.

TREMAYNE (15)
I was in my room...in bed... reading.

The sergeant goes to the French doors leading to the balcony, looks out. Through the door and around the balcony angle can be seen another room, a light burning in it.

SERGEANT (16)
(indicating)
That your room?

TREMAYNE (17)
(nodding)
Yes...I thought I heard her cry out...She was on the floor... there.
(pointing near balcony)
...the room was full of gas... I pulled her out into the air... and yelled for Satsuma...I guess he couldn't hear me...I saw she was coming to and left her to turn off the gas...
(pointing to fireplace valve)
But the key wasn't there.

MRS. TREMAYNE (18)
(hysterically)
Someone took it, I tell you!... Someone tried to MURDER me!

DOCTOR (19)
Now, now, Mrs. Tremayne.

He gives the husband a look which suggests sympathetic understanding, should convey the notion that Mrs. Tremayne tends to dramatize herself whenever possible.

SERGEANT (20)
(indicating fireplace)
Key's there now.

(CONTINUED)

5 (CONTINUED)

TREMAYNE (21)
That's the one from my room...
I got it.

Frank has wandered toward the fireplace, giving it the once-over. He bends down and picks up the valve key from beneath the logs.

FRANK (22)
This the other one?

The sergeant and Tremayne turn. Tremayne takes the key -- then hands it to the sergeant.

TREMAYNE (23)
It must be...Where...?

FRANK (24)
Back of the logs...

Mrs. Tremayne has closed her eyes, begins breathing softly -- the sedative working. The doctor nods his satisfaction.

SERGEANT (25)
(judiciously)
She might have kicked it with her foot...
(glance at Tremayne)
unless you think she...?
(implied: attempted suicide)

TREMAYNE (26)
(firmly)
No...it must have been that...

FRANK (27)
Need me any more, doctor?

DOCTOR (28)
No...Thank you, very much.

Frank nods, leaves -- picking up his inhalator. Covering exit:

SERGEANT (29)
(to Tremayne)
Now let's get the time of it straight...

INT. TREMAYNE HOUSE - UPPER HALL

6 Frank walks along the hall and starts down the broad main stairway. The SOUND of the piano becomes clearer. The entrance hall is empty, but as Frank descends the last few steps, looking appreciatively about him at the signs of wealth and good taste, his eyes light on a sight that causes him to stop. Through an archway leading from the foyer he sees a girl (DIANE) seated at a grand piano at the far end of the music room.

Frank's eyes do not leave her as he takes the last few steps down into the hall and crosses slowly toward the archway. He stands watching her. She suddenly seems to feel his presence and stops her playing. Slowly she turns. Her face is a grave question mark as she stares at him.

FRANK (30)
(reassuring smile)
She'll be okay.

The girl still stares, almost as though she had not heard him.

FRANK (cont'd)
Didn't even need this.
(indicating inhalator)

As if a hidden button had been pressed, Diane suddenly begins to sob -- great, choking sobs. She puts both hands to the sides of her face -- not trying to cover her eyes, but more as though she were clutching throbbing temples. The sobbing becomes almost strangled.

FRANK (cont'd)
Hey!

He sets down the inhalator and crosses quickly to her.

FRANK (cont'd)
Take it easy.
(puts a hand on her shoulder)
She's okay, I tell you.

Diane slams a hand down on the keys as she whirls round and jumps up, sweeping his hand off her shoulder.

DIANE (31)
Leave me alone! Please!

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

Frank looks at her sharply, professionally, and gives her a smart slap on the face. She slaps him back, but hard. He is taken aback. His hand goes to his cheek.

FRANK (32)
(ruefully)
The manual says that's how to stop hysterics.
(grins)
It doesn't say anything about getting slapped back.

Her eyes search his face, then she relaxes into a smile so unexpectedly sweet and charming that she is completely metamorphosed.

DIANE (33)
I'm sorry.

FRANK (34)
Forget it. I've been slapped by dames before...
(grins)
usually for other reasons.

She colors a little, becoming aware of him as a man, not as a piece of furniture or hospital equipment.

FRANK (cont'd)
(thumb toward upstairs)
She your mother?

DIANE (35)
(curt - hard)
Stepmother.

FRANK (36)
(nodding)
Didn't think you looked alike.

There is no mistaking the approval in his voice. Diane doesn't mistake it.

Bill appears in the door.

BILL (37)
We're blocking the drive.

FRANK (38)
Right with you.

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

Bill goes out. Frank picks up the inhalator.

DIANE (39)
Where are you going now?

FRANK (40)
(surprised)
Back to the hospital...then check out for the night.
(afterthought)
Morning. Why?

Diane merely gives a little shrug, shake of the head - as if to say "no reason."

FRANK (cont'd)
(smiling)
Remember to pull that punch next time, will you?

DIANE (41)
(soberly)
Yes...I'll remember...next time.

Somehow she makes the words "next time" sound like a promise. Frank doesn't miss the little inflection. He gives her a puzzled look as he goes.

Diane stands looking after him. Then, on a sudden decision, hurries into the hall and takes a coat from a closet. As she slips it on:

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. WINDING INCLINE - NIGHT

7 The ambulance is moving fast down the hill. In the distance behind it, car lights can be seen following.

EXT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

8 The ambulance enters. A moment later a Jaguar drives up and parks in the shadows. (NOTE: If possible, this Jaguar convertible should have racing wire-spoke wheels, no pants or flaps, twin exhaust pipes to simulate the kit modified XK-120 -- only a few of which are in this country.) Diane is at the wheel, watching the ambulance entrance with a smile like a mischievous child savoring a surprise. Frank comes out, lighting a cigarette as he crosses the street toward Harry's Beer Joint that forms the corner of a small, almost empty parking lot.

INT. HARRY'S BEER JOINT - NIGHT

9 Low light. Juke box. Booths. No customers. Frank enters.

HARRY (BARTENDER) (42)
Well, if it ain't the dead body jockey!

FRANK (43)
Sure. That's why I come here. So much like the morgue.

He walks without pause to the phone on the wall behind the last booth, stands with his back to the door, starts dialing. Harry moves down along the bar, keeping abreast of him. DURING THIS:

HARRY (44)
(aggrieved)
That ain't funny...What's happened to business anyway?... Got nothin' to do but sit here dopin' the horses...

Frank is getting no answer. He lets it buzz a moment longer.

HARRY (cont'd)
How d'ya like Dixie in the seventh?

Frank hangs up.

FRANK (45)
She'll still be running when they start the eighth...

As he turns back to the bar Diane's voice greets him.

DIANE (46)
Hello...

Frank stops short, puzzled and surprised. She has entered quietly and has taken one of the stools near the front.

FRANK (47)
Well, hello... You get around fast, don't you?

DIANE (48)
(smiles)
I parked my broomstick outside.

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

Frank turns to Harry, who has moved up the bar.

FRANK (49)
Beer.
(to Diane)
What do witches drink?

Harry brightens at his prospective customers.

DIANE (50)
(teasing smile)
"Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

Harry's face has become increasingly blank. He stares at the girl as though she suddenly had developed twin heads.

HARRY (51)
Huh?

FRANK (52)
You heard the lady. What kind a bartender <u>are</u> you?

Diane laughs and lets Harry off the hook.

DIANE (53)
Just coffee, please.

Harry isn't happy. One beer and one coffee! He draws the beer, then grumblingly retreats toward the kitchen o.s. for the java.

Without Harry as an audience -- and as a buffer -- the two become suddenly constrained. Diane puts her hands on the bar, locks her fingers nervously. Frank fumbles for a pack of cigarettes.

FRANK (54)
Smoke?

DIANE (55)
(low-voiced)
No.

FRANK (56)
No drink...no smoke?
(a beat)
How old are you?

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (57)
(touch of defiance)
Old enough to get out alone... if I want to.

FRANK (58)
(same tone)
How old.

DIANE (59)
Twenty --
(afterthought)
...next month.

Frank looks at her with cool appraisal, waiting.

DIANE (cont'd)
(defensively)
I had to get out...I couldn't stay there after what happened!

FRANK (60)
(calmly)
What did happen?

She looks at him with eyes suddenly wide and fearful.

DIANE (61)
I don't know...Father wouldn't even let me in the room...He told me to call the doctor and...just wait...It was horrible...not knowing.

Frank puts a hand comfortingly over hers.

FRANK (62)
Yeah...I can imagine...What you need is a...

He breaks off as the phone begins to RING. (Harry is still in the kitchen.)

They look at the phone. Then she looks at him. Clearly he knows who is calling; and just as clearly he doesn't want to answer it.

DIANE (63)
(at last)
Shouldn't someone answer it?

HARRY'S VOICE (64)
(yelling from kitchen)
Hey, get the phone, will ya!

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (65)
Maybe it's for you...maybe the girl you were calling when I came in.

FRANK (66)
What makes you so sure I was calling a girl?

DIANE (67)
It would have to be...
(sudden fearful thought)
unless...she's your wife?

Offscene, Harry hurries in from kitchen.

HARRY'S VOICE (68)
(aggrievedly)
's a matter? Can'cha hear the phone?...

We hear him pick up the receiver.

HARRY'S VOICE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Harry's Bar speaking!

FRANK (69)
I'm not married.

DIANE (70)
I'm glad!

They are looking into each other's faces -- neither mistaking the promise of looks and words.

10 ANGLE ON Harry - at phone. He cups the mouthpiece with his hand. His expression is cynical.

HARRY (71)
You here, Frank?

No answer.

HARRY (cont'd)
Yes or no?

11 ANGLE ON two. Their eyes are locked.

HARRY'S VOICE (72)
(aggrieved)
Come on...She...the party knows I ain't THAT crowded!

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (73)
(rising)
Yeah...I'm here.

12 ANGLE ON phone.

HARRY (74)
(into phone)
Yeah...he says he's here...

He hands the receiver over to Frank, who gives him a chilling look as he goes.

FRANK (75)
(guardedly into phone)
'lo...Yeah.
(scowls)
Where did I get to? Where were you when I called?

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

13 It is small but neat and well kept. The little kitchen and breakfast nook in b.g. are spotless. The table is laid and dinner is cooking on the stove. Mary is on the phone.

MARY (76)
I just took a shower...
(she detects something in his voice)
What's the matter, Frank?...
(puzzled frown)
But you know I can't hear the phone with the shower on.
(troubled)
What's got into you, honey?

INT. HARRY'S BEER JOINT - NIGHT

14 Frank at wall phone. He is irritated, conscious of Diane's eyes on him.

FRANK (77)
(irritated)
Nothing's got into me. I'm just beat, that's all.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

15 Mary at phone.

MARY (78)
What was it - a rough call?

INT. HARRY'S BEER JOINT - NIGHT

16 Frank at phone. He turns and looks back to Diane.

FRANK (79)
Yeah - rough. I'll see ya tomorrow.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17 Mary at phone. She looks tragically at the pots on the stove and the T-bone waiting in the frying pan.

MARY (80)
(a wail)
Tomorrow! But I've got everything ready!...You stay there, darling, I'll be right over and...

INT. HARRY'S BEER JOINT - NIGHT

18 Frank at phone.

FRANK (81)
(mad now)
I said we'll skip it tonight...
(the crusher)
Besides...I just had a sandwich.

19 CLOSE SHOT - ON Diane. There is a barely perceptible reaction to his lie.

FRANK'S VOICE (82)
Yeah...goodnight.

He hangs up and crosses the room back to her - ANGLE WIDENING. Frank doesn't quite meet her eyes, but reaches for the beer. He is angry, a little ashamed -- and angrier for being ashamed. Diane makes it easier for him.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (83)
You know something? I haven't eaten either.

She makes it sound as though they were fellow conspirators. Frank turns, smiling, about to beckon Harry, who now is bringing up the coffee. But she puts a restraining hand on his arm.

DIANE (cont'd)
(low-voiced, but urgent)
Only...not here!

FRANK (84)
Yeah, you're right...This joint's all wrong for us.... C'mon, baby!

He skids some coins on the bar in front of poor Harry, with the steaming coffee cup in his hands. As they go, CAMERA HOLDS ON Harry.

HARRY (85)
Hey -- an' I just made it!

The door SLAMS. Harry shrugs philosophically and sips the coffee.

HARRY (cont'd)
(to himself)
Looks like he did too.

EXT. HARRY'S BAR - NIGHT

20 As Diane and Frank appear. Gleaming in the lamplight at the curb is Diane's black Jaguar. At sight of it Frank's irritation gives place to unabashed interest.

FRANK (86)
(a low whistle)
Say!...Yours?

She nods. He looks it over...stern end first.

FRANK (cont'd)
Hey, that's not the standard XK-120...twin pipes!

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

He moves closer, looks into the car. He has the enthusiasm of a sports car aficionado.

FRANK (cont'd)
Racing clutch!... Whatta ya got here, the Le Mans job?

DIANE (87)
(delighted at his appreciation)
That's right... Do you know how to drive it?

FRANK (88)
(eagerly)
Do I?

21 ANOTHER ANGLE - She hands him the keys. They get in. Switch on. The motor comes to life with a deep THROBBING. He listens to it, with an expert's ear.

FRANK (89)
What a sweetheart...! Miss Tremayne, you're one in a million.

DIANE (90)
My name's Diane!

FRANK (91)
One in two million...Let's go!

He shifts into gear and they rocket away.

22 ANGLE IN Jaguar - (PROCESS). Frank is handling the car with the ease and nonchalance of an expert. She clearly is enjoying it and him.

DIANE (92)
You mean you raced professionally?

FRANK (93)
Hot-rods, midgets, everything short of Indianapolis...I was angling for that when the war came.

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (94)
(a bit
disappointed)
Oh...and that's when you started driving ambulances?

Frank looks to see if she means it - then laughing:

FRANK (95)
You kidding? I drove a tank till they shot me out of it...

She brightens again.

FRANK (cont'd)
Nah. Ambulance is just a job till I got enough saved to open my own shop...
(savoring it)
Jessup Automotive, racing car specialists. I got ideas that'll make even this power plant look sick.

DIANE (96)
It sounds very exciting.

FRANK (97)
(absently)
Yeah. I think your carburetion's a little off.

DIANE (98)
(plaintively)
Maybe it's hungry too.

FRANK (99)
Huh?
(getting it -
smiles
apologetically)
That's right...We were supposed to eat, weren't we...? Be there in no time!

He steps on the gas and the engine note rises to a DRONE.

DISSOLVE

INT. RESTAURANT

23 ANGLE IN Booth. It is a place like Musso-Frank's. Diane and Frank are lingering over their coffee. They are relaxed, talking easily.

FRANK (100)
...so I figure with about five, six thousand more, I'm in business...Mary has some money too but...

DIANE (101)
"Mary." She's your girl...the one on the phone?

He nods.

DIANE (cont'd)
Do you love her?

FRANK (102)
(half-angry, half-amused)
You ask a lot of questions!

DIANE (103)
I know. It's a bad habit. You ask me some -- just for a change.

FRANK (104)
All right, I will...Your father. What's he do?

DIANE (105)
(surprised)
Why he's a writer! And a very famous one.

FRANK (106)
Movies?

DIANE (107)
(shocked)
Oh no...
(remembers)
Once he did, a long time ago. Only for a few weeks though. He didn't like it...and he didn't like what they did to one of his books...They changed it all around. Even the title.

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (108)
They usually do.

DIANE (109)
He hasn't published anything since we came to America after my mother was killed in a raid... But he's been writing again... a novel...It's wonderful...
(pause)
He's let me read part of it... Catherine...that's my stepmother... she's very jealous because he only talks to me about his work.
(sweetly)
I suppose it's only natural she should be. It's as if I'd robbed her of something, in a way.

The waiter has presented the check. Frank reaches for his wallet.

FRANK (110)
(absently)
Sure, I suppose it's...

DIANE (111)
(quickly)
No! You must let me. I asked you.

FRANK (112)
Relax will you! Even on my salary I can pay the check when I take a girl out.

Diane is fumbling in her bag.

DIANE (113)
But you're saving up for your shop, and to get married, and...

FRANK (114)
(annoyed)
I didn't say anything about getting married.

DIANE (115)
But doesn't Mary expect it? What's her last name? What does she do?

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

He looks at her with complete exasperation.

FRANK (116)
Her last name's Bennett. She's a receptionist at the hospital. She has blue eyes and blonde hair, weighs a hundred and sixteen pounds stripped, she sleeps in pajamas, she's a first-class cook and she doesn't ask questions!

DIANE (117)
(very calmly)
She does too. Anyway you must let me pay my share. I insist.

FRANK (118)
(surrendering)
If that's the way you want it... I'd like a night-cap. You? No, I forgot. You don't smoke, you don't drink.

DIANE (119)
I only ask questions...and I like to dance.

FRANK (120)
(surprised)
Tonight?

DIANE (121)
Don't we have time?

FRANK (122)
(glancing at watch)
We might -- if we hurry.

DIANE (123)
Let's hurry.

DISSOLVE

INT. SMALL DANCE JOINT - NIGHT

24 ANGLE ON Diane and Frank. The place is smoky, noisy and crowded. For the first time there is a hint of physical awareness between them as they dance, it is perceptible in Frank, much more subtle in Diane. He has had just enough to drink to feel that life is pleasant, without being in the least drunk. She is cool but radiant; more enticing than any overt sexiness. She smiles happily up at him; his smile betrays the fact that he still doesn't know what to make of her, but likes it.

DIANE (124)
If I tell you something, will you promise not to laugh?

FRANK (125)
(smiling at her)
No. All I can promise is to <u>try</u> not to laugh.

DIANE (126)
(shyly)
You're the first man I've danced with in America...except my father.

Frank looks at her, to see if she's kidding. She isn't.

FRANK (127)
On the level?

She nods. Her eyes are bright, suspiciously moist.

FRANK (cont'd)
Well, honey, from now on we're going to change that!

His hand pulls her toward him possessively as they continue the dance.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BUNGALOW COURT - NIGHT

25 As the Jaguar drives up with Frank at the wheel and Diane beside him, snuggled in her coat. He cuts the ignition and looks at her, mock formal.

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (128)
Thanks for the ride, Miss Tremayne.

DIANE (129)
Thank YOU, Mister Jessup.

She doesn't move, but seems to be waiting for him to do something -- and he doesn't know whether to make the pass or not. As he hesitates, she speaks -- not looking at him, but straight ahead.

DIANE (cont'd)
Aren't you going to ask me in?

FRANK (130)
I hadn't thought of it.

DIANE (131)
Well?

FRANK (132)
I've thought...But don't say I didn't warn you...The place is a mess.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

26 As Frank motions Diane in and switches on the light. She takes a couple of steps into the cheaply furnished, untidy room. She looks about her. Frank closes the door, comes up behind her, and as she turns her head toward him he puts his arms around her and goes to kiss her. She avoids his lips and gives a little laugh - not spiteful or jeering, but as if she really felt this was rather exciting and funny.

DIANE (133)
Frank! Did you think that's why I asked to come in?
(smiles)
If I'd wanted to be kissed I'd have asked you. Don't you know that?

Thwarted and incredulous, Frank keeps his arms about her, without forcing a kiss on her.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (134)
I believe you would, at that.
(draws her close)
Ask me, baby.

DIANE (135)
Haven't you forgotten somebody?

She looks across at a small framed photograph of Mary. He turns to follow her gaze, then crosses the room. He takes the photograph and turns it around, so that it faces away.

FRANK (136)
She's not looking now.

Diane crosses the room to him. He is naturally expectant, but she merely smiles and shakes her head -- and moves past him to pick up the photograph and study it. Frank's jaw sets: he is a thoroughly wetted-down male.

DIANE (137)
She is very pretty -- very sweet...probably just the girl for you.

She says it very simply, but with such a complete lack of enthusiasm that the photograph might as well have developed warts. And beside the vibrant girl in the room, the photograph gains added greyness.

FRANK (138)
Well, now that you've seen where I live...

DIANE (139)
(no move to go)
But where do you sleep?

His drinks are wearing off. He's tired. He can't credit her with anything but curiosity. Rather wearily he indicates a door in a wall close to her.

FRANK (140)
There.

DIANE (141)
In here?

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

She opens the door, expecting it to lead to a bedroom. He leaps forward.

FRANK (142)
Watch it!

He is too late. The wallbed falls into the room, just missing her. She gives a scared laugh.

DIANE (143)
Oh!...I see.

She sees too much. The bed has been put up un-made and the heap of clean, but disordered bed-clothes, with a rumpled pair of pajama pants and one stray sock look like hell.

FRANK (144)
(ruefully)
Talk about the skeleton in the closet.

DIANE (145)
Men!

Deftly she strips the blanket and top sheet off, flips the pajamas and socks at him.

FRANK (146)
Hey! Never mind that! I can...

He tries to restrain her. She sidesteps -- shoves him away with her elbows as she goes about the business of straightening sheets, etc.

DIANE (147)
Other side, please.

He goes to the other side and they begin making the bed together.

DIANE (cont'd)
You really ought to have better sheets...There's something so ...beautiful about fine linen... I've some...my mother's...and nights when I feel specially good, I get them out and I stretch...They feel so perfectly cool I don't even want to go to sleep...just lie there and enjoy them.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

Frank has had a hard time concentrating on the bed-making. He has permitted some unseemly wrinkles to mar the perfection of the job. She crosses to his side and deftly puts the bed to rights. He is staring at her as she bends to pat the last corner -- and he takes a step toward her.

DIANE (cont'd)
I'll send you some...when you and Mary get married.
(turns to him)
It'll be my wedding present to you both.

Once again his hands go to his sides. He swallows. And he tries to smile.

FRANK (148)
I'm sure we'll both lie there, thinking of you.

DIANE (149)
(laughing)
You're teasing...but I'll send them just the same...Goodnight, Frank...and thank you very much.

FRANK (150)
Goodnight!

He stands there watching as she opens the door and lets herself out. He looks at the freshly made bed, as smooth as an ironing board. Then, angrily, he grabs a corner and ruins the sheer perfection of it all.

DISSOLVE

INT. UPPER HALL - TREMAYNE HOUSE - NIGHT

27 Diane, still wearing her coat, is walking along the hall toward her room when a door opens and her father looks out.

TREMAYNE (151)
Diane...

She turns. Her face lights up as she goes to him.

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (152)
(gently admonishing)
Dad! Why aren't you in bed?

Tremayne's next lines bear no trace of paternal reproach. The real warmth of their relationship - in so far as he has any warmth left - will be clearly felt.

TREMAYNE (153)
(smiles)
That's what I was going to ask you, my dear. Where've you been so late?

DIANE (154)
Just for a drive. I simply had to get out for a little while. How is she?

TREMAYNE (155)
Sleeping quietly.

DIANE (156)
Have the police found out what really happened?

TREMAYNE (157)
One of them suggested she might have accidentally kicked the key....the other was inclined to believe she had done it herself in her sleep.

DIANE (158)
You don't believe she could have intended --?

TREMAYNE (159)
(cool laugh)
With her bridge club meeting tomorrow? You should know Catherine better than that.

Their shared laughter at the stepmother's expense is significant, leaving no doubt as to the family setup. He kisses her on the brow.

TREMAYNE (cont'd)
Goodnight, my dear.

DIANE (160)
(tenderly)
Goodnight, Dad.

He returns to his room and she continues along the hall as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

28 A waitress is standing at the table, taking the orders of Diane and Mary Wilson.

WAITRESS (161)
Two chefs salads...And to drink?

MARY (162)
Coffee.

Diane nods.

WAITRESS (163)
Two coffees...Thank you.

She goes. Diane and Mary simultaneously turn to each other, Mary with an expression of guarded curiosity, Diane with the warm smile of someone meeting an old friend.

DIANE (164)
It's awfully nice of you to come. I suppose you were surprised getting a phone call from a complete stranger.

MARY (165)
Well...frankly, I was.

DIANE (166)
You're not a stranger to me. Frank told me so much about you.

MARY (167)
(frowning)
Frank?

DIANE (168)
(a pause - then directly)
I was with him last night - after he made the call at our house.

It is a shock to Mary. She frowns, remembering Frank's phone conversation.

DIANE (cont'd)
(quickly)
You must forgive me for that - and him too.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

MARY (169)
(stiffly)
Frank is free to go out with whoever he pleases, Miss Tremayne.

DIANE (170)
(gentle understanding)
But you're angry because he lied to you on the phone.

MARY (171)
Shouldn't I be?

DIANE (172)
Put yourself in the poor man's place...What could he have said without hurting your feelings even more?
(with conviction)
You must know I wouldn't be telling you if it hadn't been completely innocent...

The waitress' reappearance with their food interrupts. Mary is looking straight ahead. Diane touches her arm lightly.

DIANE (cont'd)
(softly)
Don't be cross! Please!

MARY (173)
(levelly)
Miss Tremayne, I...

DIANE (174)
(warmly)
Do call me Diane!

MARY (175)
(grudgingly)
Well...Diane -- I suppose your motives for telling me this are good...
(rising anger)
but frankly I wish you hadn't!

DIANE (176)
But WHY?...We spent most of the time talking about you...and about his plans to open his own racing-car place...That's why I called you. I want to help.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

MARY (177)
I'm afraid I don't understand.

DIANE (178)
I happen to be a sports-car fan myself...
(confiding smile)
So you see we have at least that in common.

MARY (179)
No, we haven't!...I'm the domestic type -- and that goes for cars too...What Frank ought to open is a plain ordinary garage for plain ordinary family cars... And I've told him so.

DIANE (180)
He wouldn't be happy.

Mary pauses with a forkful of salad midway to her lips -- and gives Diane a long look.

DIANE (cont'd)
(disarming smile)
But that's something for you two to work out...
(bluntly)
Mary, would you accept a thousand dollars from me...to add to that garage fund?

Mary has a mouthful of salad, but she gets it down without choking.

MARY (181)
Why?

DIANE (182)
I have so few friends...none actually. Last night, after I left Frank, I got to thinking about you two...and I thought if I could help you both to realize your dream, I'd have a little part in your life.

MARY (183)
(starting a refusal)
That's very nice of you...

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (184)
(quickly)
It may take a week or two...You see, I haven't much actual cash because my stepmother controls that...but I do have some pieces of jewelry which I hardly ever wear...

MARY (185)
Miss Tremayne --

A reproachful smile from Diane.

MARY (cont'd)
Diane -- I couldn't possibly... it's generous of you and all that...but I'm sure Frank would feel...

DIANE (186)
(quickly)
Oh you mustn't tell him, ever... It would be our secret!

MARY (187)
(amused)
Secret! How do you think I'd be able to explain away a thousand dollars? Hasn't anyone ever told you about hospital salaries?

DIANE (188)
You could say you won it on the radio...or a contest...There are lots of ways.

MARY (189)
Only he wouldn't believe any of them.

DIANE (190)
(shrug of surrender)
Well, I guess my little plot didn't succeed.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

MARY (191)
(shrewdly)
I wouldn't say that...You brought me here today because you wanted to shake my faith in Frank...You have...You wanted to find out how clever or how stupid I am...I hope you have.

She stands - ready to leave.

DIANE (192)
(hard)
And what do you intend to do about it?

MARY (193)
Nothing...not one thing...I suppose I should pick up the check, but I'm too practical -- and I have to work for my money...I won't say goodbye, Diane...I'm sure I'll see more of you.

She walks out - with Diane staring after her.

DISSOLVE

INT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - EVENING

29 It is a few minutes past six. Frank, dressed for the street, strolls along the corridor outside the women's locker rooms. He lights a cigarette. The locker room door opens and Mary comes out. She is dressed in the same outfit she wore at the luncheon with Diane. She is not surprised to see him there, but in no mood to see him.

FRANK (194)
(easily)
Hi, honey.

MARY (195)
(low-voiced - hurrying past)
Hello Frank...

He is surprised that she should sail by him. He quickens his own step to match hers.

30 MOVING SHOT - The two.

FRANK (196)
What'll it be -- Gilmore Field or a drive-in movie?

MARY (197)
Aren't you too tired after your rough night?

FRANK (198)
I'll buy a T-bone twice as big and beautiful -- if it takes the whole paycheck. And it will!

MARY (199)
You do that...but some other time.

He catches her by the arm, tries to swing her around playfully. She doesn't want to play.

FRANK (200)
Ah, simmer down...This is ME, remember? You're not going to let one T-bone come between us, are you? Come on - dimple up!

Hating herself, Mary begins to relax -- actually smiles. Frank grins too, slips his hand on her elbow, starts to wheel her along.

FRANK (cont'd)
(too confident now)
I'd have been lousy company last night, honey. Ten minutes after I left Harry's I was in the sack...

This pops it. Mary wrenches her arm free, faces him.

MARY (201)
That I can believe!...Well, you can hit for that same sack tonight...Me, I've got other plans.

FRANK (202)
(sore now)
Oh, you have?

(CONTINUED)

30 (CONTINUED)

MARY (203)
Yes I have!

FRANK (204)
(loud)
Okay.

MARY (205)
(loud)
Okay.

Bill pops out of a door.

BILL (206)
(pretended shock)
Quiet, please!

FRANK (207)
(striding away)
Okay.

Bill stares after Frank, then he stares at Mary. She is mighty close to tears. He moves closer to her -- a man who doesn't mind taking advantage of the situation.

BILL (208)
Don't tell me! Just let me hope.

MARY (209)
Hello Bill.

BILL (210)
In times like these, a guy can offer a handkerchief or a double old-fashioned. Name it.

MARY (211)
Both. Come on, you red-headed double-crosser.

BILL (212)
(innocent)
Me double-cross a pal?
(wicked grin)
I should say!

He slips his arm through hers and they start away.

CUT

EXT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - EVENING

31 Frank is hanging back in the shadows, puffing a cigarette -- waiting for Mary to come out. Bill and Mary open the door.

BILL'S VOICE (213)
...Where will it be - Harry's?

MARY'S VOICE (214)
Any place <u>but</u> Harry's.

Frank freezes, steps back into the shadows as the pair hurry by -- not even seeing him. They cross the street to the parking lot.

32 CLOSE SHOT - ON Frank. His anger shows in his face. He takes the cigarette from his mouth and flings it away. He starts off, heading for Harry's Bar.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR HOSPITAL - EVENING

33 Diane in Jaguar - the car is parked in an alley commanding a view of the hospital and the bar. She has evidently been there for some time and must have seen proof of the row between Mary and Frank. There is no malevolence in her face. She looks ingenuously pleased with herself. She watches for a moment more, then she starts the car and drives slowly out of the alley.

<u>END OF PART II</u>

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

34 Frank slides onto a stool. Harry is leaning on the end of the bar studying a Racing Form.

FRANK (215)
Bourbon and water.

HARRY (216)
(looks at his glum face)
What's the matter? Were you on Cly-Boy too?

Frank doesn't answer. Harry looks beyond him, spotting Diane o.s.

HARRY (cont'd)
This time I'm making no fresh coffee, see!

FRANK (217)
(staring at him)
Who wants coffee...I said bourbon.

He sees Harry looking off - turns and registers.

35 REVERSE ANGLE - Diane standing in the doorway, smiling shyly.

DIANE (218)
(to Harry)
It's all right...I don't care for any now.

She crosses to Frank.

36 ANGLE ON the two. There's no mistaking that she is a pleasant and a welcome surprise to Frank. He's off the bar stool.

DIANE (219)
Go ahead -- hit me!

She screws her eyes shut, cants her head at an angle, indicates the side of her chin with a fingertip.

FRANK (220)
First I'll buy you dinner -- then maybe.

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

Diane opens her eyes, smiles at him.

DIANE (221)
I wish I could, but the family expects me.

Frank shows his disappointment. He turns to his drink, picks it up.

FRANK (222)
(half to himself)
Definitely not my day.

She touches his arm consolingly.

DIANE (223)
When I tell you what I did, you probably won't want to see me again -- ever.

FRANK (224)
(lightly)
Sounds grim indeed.

He takes a healthy gulp of his drink.

DIANE (225)
I saw Mary at lunch and told her about last night!

Frank strangles on the drink -- chokes and gasps.

DIANE (cont'd)
(quickly)
Not everything! Only that we were out together.

FRANK (226)
(mad as hell)
Why'd you do a crazy thing like that?...You know I was supposed to be heading for home and the sack!

On the word "sack," he winces - remembering his scene with Mary.

FRANK (cont'd)
Oh-oh!

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

Suddenly the humor of it strikes him. He begins laughing - a laugh not without its bitter edge. Diane is puzzled, but hopeful.

DIANE (227)
I only did it because I wanted to help...

FRANK (228)
Oh, you're a help all right!

DIANE (229)
To get your garage. I offered Mary a thousand dollars.

FRANK (230)
(staring)
Just like that? You offered her a grand?

She nods.

FRANK (cont'd)
I don't get you. What did Mary say?

DIANE (231)
She was rather angry...I gathered she resented your knowing anyone else.

FRANK (232)
Look! I'm still a free agent, I'm not...

DIANE (233)
(quickly)
Mary admits that...but still, you know how a girl is...It's only natural...But I'm sorry... for a silly, selfish reason...

He looks at her. With a bright air, she fumbles in her purse, brings out a folded page torn from a slick-paper magazine. DURING THIS:

DIANE (cont'd)
This:...I read about it last week.
(handing him the clipping - excitedly) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (cont'd)
they're running the Pebble Beach road races late next month...I thought if I could enter my car -- and you drive...

FRANK (234)
(eagerly)
What a course that is! Last time I drove it was '41...

DIANE (235)
(excitedly)
And that makes you eligible even though you were a pro...just as long as you haven't raced in the last two years...

FRANK (236)
Two?...I haven't raced in ten!

DIANE (237)
You could tune it up -- make any changes you want...we'd take it out weekends...

A sudden change -- as she reaches for the clipping -- folds it slowly.

DIANE (cont'd)
No...of course we can't. I don't want to cause any trouble between you and Mary.

FRANK (238)
(taking the clipping)
This has nothing to do with Mary! We take this race and it's publicity, make it that much easier for me to get backing for my shop...Come on, let's grab some food and talk about it...

DIANE (239)
I can't...the family...but I can sneak away later...ten o'clock?

FRANK (240)
Here?

DIANE (241)
Here.

DISSOLVE

END OF PART III

INT. TREMAYNE LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

37 The room overlooks the pool. Catherine Tremayne is seated at a handsome game table, with four exposed bridge hands laid out before her -- concentrating on a double-dummy problem. Tremayne is bending over the radio-phonograph, where some classical number is playing.

CATHERINE (242)
(without looking up)
Charles!...If you must play that, would you mind turning it a little lower?...

His answer is to switch it off and head toward his recently vacated easy chair, where a newspaper lies folded and a half-empty martini glass rests on the side table.

CATHERINE (cont'd)
(petulantly)
You needn't have shut it off... but it's difficult enough to concentrate...

Satsuma enters the scene, with a martini shaker, makes for Tremayne's place...only to be detoured by:

CATHERINE (cont'd)
(peremptory tones)
I'll have another, Satsuma!

Tremayne sinks a little lower in his chair as Satsuma bypasses him, heading for his wife. We hear Diane o.s. coming down the steps, and then she enters the room -- dressed for dinner, dressed with extra care because of her later date with Frank. Her manner is gay, friendly: a girl with an axe to grind.

DIANE (243)
Evening, family!

Tremayne brightens at sight of her. Catherine looks up a little surprised - suggesting Diane isn't always so amiable.

TREMAYNE (244)
Well! We seem particularly festive this evening! A new frock?

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (245)
AND a very extravagant one! Really Diane, when I gave permission for you to pick up something simple...

DIANE (246)
(wink at Charles)
But Catherine darling, you know the simple things always cost the most.

Satsuma returns from the cocktail table with a yellowish mixture which he presents to Diane. Satsuma and Diane are obviously on the best of terms. His manner is of pleased anticipation.

DIANE (cont'd)
Satsuma, you're an angel... Now what is it tonight?... No, don't tell me...let me guess.

Satsuma waits, trying not to chuckle outright. She sniffs the cocktail glass...can't make up her mind... then sips.

DIANE (cont'd)
Pineapple certainly...orange...

He nods, still waits.

DIANE (cont'd)
But what's the other? Cherry? Loganberry? Grenadine?

He shakes his head no -- with increasing stifled mirth.

CATHERINE (247)
(sharply)
It's creme de fraises -- and I'm sure you knew it all along, dear...Tell Nikka to hurry dinner, please, Satsuma...I'm famished...

Satsuma is a bit crestfallen that his game ended so soon, but he hastens away.

CATHERINE (cont'd)
(playing her last card)
I knew it! There was a double squeeze in the hand...instead, down one and we lost a vulnerable slam!

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

She gets up and comes across the room, heading for the cocktail table and a refill.

DIANE (248)
Catherine, don't you think we should have a chauffeur?

TREMAYNE (249)
(surprised)
I thought you enjoyed driving that horrible little jet-propelled torpedo.

DIANE (250)
I do...but you don't...

TREMAYNE (251)
(aside)
No argument there...

DIANE (252)
And Catherine, you know how nervous and absent-minded you are after your bridge sessions...

TREMAYNE (253)
Oh, I shouldn't say that...Only three tickets last month for not observing stop signals... only one collision and...

CATHERINE (254)
(stung in a weak-spot)
That was definitely not my fault, Charles...I distinctly signalled I was making a left turn...

Satsuma enters.

SATSUMA (255)
(from door)
Dinner is served, please.

They start for the dining room.

TREMAYNE (256)
But then you turned right, darling... I think Diane has a point...

DISSOLVE

EXT. HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING OCEAN - NIGHT

38 The Jaguar breasts the hill, with Frank at the wheel and Diane beside him. He swings it off the road, snaps off the ignition and cuts the lights. She is wearing a coat over the dress of the preceding scene.

39 CLOSER ANGLE - The two. Diane is unhappy, Frank stubborn.

DIANE (257)
But you'd make as much as you do at the hospital...There's an apartment over the garage... not very large maybe...but at least it has a regular bed and not something that leaps out of a wall at you...

FRANK (258)
Look...I'm not cut out for yes-sir, no-ma'am, home driver, walk-the-dog Franklin...

DIANE (259)
We have no dog -- and we're not that kind of a family...My father never goes out...and my mother only to her bridge clubs... and I'M no trouble.

He looks at her -- she brings home the clincher.

DIANE (cont'd)
And just think!...We could really get set for Pebble Beach!

This does it. He grins slowly.

FRANK (260)
What'll it be -- home James?

Her answer surprises him. She leans over and kisses him happily, lightly on the lips. She looks at him a long moment.

DIANE (261)
(huskily)
No. Not yet!

And she kisses him again -- and his arms tighten around her.

FADE OUT

END OF PART IV

FADE IN

INT. TREMAYNE PANTRY - DAY

40 It is a bright, sunny morning, two weeks after Frank has come to work as chauffeur. He is sitting at a small table, reading the sports section of a newspaper over his breakfast coffee and orange juice. He is in shirtsleeves, with his jacket - a solid color deal, but not a uniform - draped over the back of his chair. Ito is busy at the buffet. He glances in the direction of the kitchen to make sure the door is shut.

ITO (262)
Frank, what do you know for Santa Anita?

FRANK (263)
Not a thing.
(looks up)
I haven't been around with the boys for two weeks. Last I heard, Jester was --

The kitchen door starts to swing open. Ito sees it and makes a sign to Frank.

ITO (264)
Psst....!

Chiyo enters from the kitchen, sideways, carrying a breakfast tray intended for Diane. Ito crosses to her and inspects the tray - to Chiyo's obvious annoyance.

ITO (cont'd)
(in Japanese - mildly)
You remembered to trim the toast?

CHIYO (265)
(in Japanese - angrily)
I always remember to trim the toast!....Who do you think you are? Every day the same question!

Frank hunches his shoulders at this torrent of strident Japanese. From his amused expression, we might gather this is a daily routine.

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

ITO (266)
(in Japanese - placatingly)
Calm down, woman.

CHIYO (267)
(in Japanese - scolding)
I am calm!
(thrusts tray into his hands)
Take it up yourself!

She exits through kitchen door. Ito, holding the tray, meets Frank's quizzical look with a sheepish smile.

FRANK (268)
(curious)
What did she say?

ITO (269)
She asked if I trimmed the toast for Miss Diane....She said "I always do it."
(diffident smile)
Then she got angry and said something to me -- well, in American I guess it would be drop dead!

FRANK (270)
(dry grin)
I thought the man wore the pants in Japan.

ITO (271)
(apologetically)
Maybe she has been too long with Mrs. Tremayne.....One acquires bad habits so easily.

He crosses with the tray towards the other door leading to hall or dining room. As he reaches the door the BUZZER on the intercom SOUNDS. He hesitates, undecided whether to set down the tray.

FRANK (272)
(rising)
I'll get it.
(picks up receiver and flicks switch)
Hello.....

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

He nods to Ito that he can go. Ito pushes open the door and exits.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

41 ANGLE ON bed. Diane is propped up in bed, between her fine linen sheets, holding a house phone to her ear.

DIANE (273)
(surprised)
Is that you, Frank?....Darling, how wonderful to wake up and hear your voice - even just "Hello".....
(teasing)
Well, you might have said, "Awake thee, my lady love, wake thee and rise!
The sun through the bower peeps into thine eyes!"

42 ANGLE ON Frank - at phone.

FRANK (274)
(grins)
I might have - and then again I might not. Specially not over the intercom.....
(mock indignant)
What do you mean, not romantic? Try me some time - later in the day,
(drops voice)
and not on the phone.....
No kidding, you never know with these house phones.....

43 INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

DIANE (275)
(into phone)
I'll be good, darling.....
(smiles)
Oh, I spoke to Catherine last night.....

Ito KNOCKS o.s. Diane looks o.s. towards door.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (276)
(into phone)
She seemed interested.....
really.....
(calling)
Come in.
(into phone)
She wants to see you. Are your figures ready?.....

Ito enters shot with tray. Diane smiles at him, while listening on the phone.

ITO (277)
Good morning, Miss Diane.

DIANE (278)
(so Frank will hear)
Good morning, Ito.
(into phone)
I'll see you afterwards - you can say it then, in person.

She hangs up, smiling, then gets cut of bed and puts on a negligee lying on a chair. Ito puts the tray on a table near the French windows, which he then opens. Covering this:

ITO (279)
I hope you will find everything perfect, Miss Diane.

Diane looks over the contents of the tray.

DIANE (280)
It all looks wonderful, Ito, as usual.

ITO (281)
(a certain pride)
Chiyo is quite difficult sometimes, but she is a very good cook always. That is a great consolation.

DIANE (282)
(as she sits down)
I don't know what we should do without her - or you, Ito.

ITO (283)
Thank you, Miss Diane.

He exits as Diane begins to eat.

DISSOLVE

Discuss Hughes Phase APRIL

AGENDA
RKO/ELECTROHOME MEETING
1/28/91 9:00 a.m.
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

We are leery for someone who is as interested in our Vision as you are in ours

Attendees: Ted Hartley, Pat McGregor, H. Loren Nielsen, Don Harrold, Doug Wismer, Matt Cowan

Introductions: Ted Hartley — 30 min
Review and Finalization of Discovery Task: 2.0 hrs
- Statement of Work
- Schedule
- Initial action items
- Contract Terms
- Electrohome/RKO responsibilities

(Some of this should be concluded prior to meeting)
(Pat McGregor)

VISION, PARTICULAR

Progress Deadpot

Xerox Relationship — 1.0 hrs
- Visibility into Xerox/Electrohome formal relationship
- Who makes Xerox decisions and on what basis
- Ditto Electrohome

(Pat McGregor)

Lunch — 45 min

Master Program Discussion: — 3.0 hrs
- Product/Product Line Objectives
- Schedule sensitivity and flexibility for test marketing
- Framework for rights negotiation
  - market rights
  - technology rights
  - payment terms
  - manufacturing
- Negotiating process discussion

(H. Loren Nielsen)

Pant. & VCRs We are contributing funds & high value technology is ours

Review and Action Items — 30 min

OBJECTIVES:

- Communicate opening positions for projection development program.
- Determine process for pursuing joint Discovery/contract negotiations.

INT. MRS. TREMAYNE SITTING ROOM - DAY

44 Mrs. Tremayne sits at her desk and Frank is standing nearby. She is holding two or three typewritten pages, on which there are short columns of figures. She is wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

MRS. TREMAYNE (284)
I was under the impression that those uncomfortable little cars were just a fad.

FRANK (285)
(earnestly)
There's more to it than that, Mrs. Tremayne. You've got five thousand sports car owners right here in this area, and --

MRS. TREMAYNE (286)
So I see. But aren't there <u>any</u> repair shops?

FRANK (287)
Oh, sure. Only most of them specialize in one make. With one big repair shop, carrying all the important parts for all the leading sports cars, I don't see how it could miss.

MRS. TREMAYNE (288)
(smiles pleasantly)
Well, I must say you're persuasive, and your figures seem to make sense. Of course my lawyer will have to look them over. And there are a few questions.....

FRANK (289)
(easily)
Anything you want to know, Mrs. Tremayne.

MRS. TREMAYNE (290)
Very well...Diane has told me a little about you - that you were driving the ambulance the night of...
(she bites her lips)
that accident...and how she happened to run into you the next day...

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

Frank barely reacts at this evidence of Diane's fibbing.

MRS. TREMAYNE (cont'd)
I gather you must have told her then about your plans for this garage.

FRANK (291)
Yes...that's right. We got to talking.

MRS. TREMAYNE (292)
I see... Well, it doesn't really make any difference, but did you or she suggest the possibility of my investing in this?

FRANK (293)
Mrs. Tremayne, when we talked about my shop, I had no thoughts of ever coming to work here.... I've been saving my <u>own</u> money. I didn't expect....

MRS. TREMAYNE (294)
Then it <u>was</u> Diane's suggestion?

FRANK (295)
Well, being interested in sports cars...

Mrs. Tremayne smiles brightly - she doesn't have to say "and in chauffeurs" but it's in her mind.

MRS. TREMAYNE (296)
Of course....Well, thank you, Frank...I'll phone my lawyer today...Oh...
(guardedly)
I don't want you to feel that you're a prisoner here....I mean evenings....Don't you have a girl?

FRANK (297)
(nodding)
Yeah....but she's on the late shift at the hospital all this month.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

MRS. TREMAYNE (298)
(a little laugh)
So that explains it....
(pleasantly)
Well, any time you want the car, and we're home, don't hesitate to take it.
(rises - papers in hand)
You'll hear from me, Frank.

FRANK (299)
Thank you, Mrs. Tremayne.

Frank exits. Mrs. Tremayne returns to her desk, picks up the phone and dials.

MRS. TREMAYNE (300)
Arthur Bullard, please...Catherine Tremayne.
(a pause)
Arthur?....Can you picture me as co-owner of a garage?
(laughs)
In overalls of course!

The door opens and Mr. Tremayne pokes in his head.

MR. TREMAYNE (301)
(softly)
May I invade the sanctum senctorum?

She beckons him in. He enters, crosses to the desk.

MRS. TREMAYNE (302)
(into phone)
No, but I'm really serious.... I have the facts and figures here...and I'd like you to look at them.....He is a very nice young man....I'll send the papers to you, or even better - Oh, I see...Well, then, when you come back from San Francisco. Call me... Goodbye.
(to Tremayne - inquiringly)
Yes, Charles?

He bends and kisses her - something which he obviously doesn't do too often, and only when he has an axe to grind - a fact with which she is fully aware.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

MR. TREMAYNE
(with charm)
Having completed the time-worn gesture, you now expect me to ask the usual favor.

MRS. TREMAYNE
(who can't help liking the guy)
I do?

MR. TREMAYNE
At this precise moment, you are - with the speed of a mechanical brain - weighing and computing an almost infinite number of possibilities.

MRS. TREMAYNE
Such as?

MR. TREMAYNE
One - he has spent his month's allowance. Two - he has borrowed against next month's allowance. Three - he has charged something at a store, although he has promised - word of honor, hope to die - that he never would again. Four - that he kissed you because he is very sorry and loves you very much.

MRS. TREMAYNE
(softly)
Charles --
(not really mad)
Are you guilty on all counts?

MR. TREMAYNE
All...but most especially the fourth. I'm terribly sorry, darling,
(in a rush)
but the moment I saw that frock I knew there was only one person in the world who could wear it...

For a brief, brief moment Catherine Tremayne is hoping he will say the woman is she, but...

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

MR. TREMAYNE (303)
(with charm)
Having completed the time-worn gesture, you now expect me to ask the usual favor.

MRS. TREMAYNE (304)
(who can't help liking the guy)
I do?

MR. TREMAYNE (305)
At this precise moment, you are - with the speed of a mechanical brain - weighing and computing an almost infinite number of possibilities.

MRS. TREMAYNE (306)
Such as?

MR. TREMAYNE (307)
One - he has spent his month's allowance. Two - he has borrowed against next month's allowance. Three - he has charged something at a store, although he has promised - word of honor, hope to die - that he never would again. Four - that he kissed you because he is very sorry and loves you very much.

MRS. TREMAYNE (308)
(softly)
Charles --
(not really mad)
Are you guilty on all counts?

MR. TREMAYNE (309)
All but the third, darling - which I am on the verge of succumbing to.
(a charming smile)
I saw a most beautiful dress for Diane - Three hundred dollars - plus sales tax. I have just enough for the tax.

Catherine's early softness has turned, quite understandably, into harsh jealousy.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

MR. TREMAYNE (cont'd)
...my own, dearly-beloved, horribly spoiled Diane! I dashed into the shop..."Is that a size ten?" I asked. It was. "I'll take it," I said - "and hang the cost!"
(hangdog)
It was three hundred dollars --
(pause)
plus sales tax. I have just enough for the tax.

Catherine's early softness has turned, quite understandably, into harsh jealousy.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

MRS. TREMAYNE (310)
Charles, at times your charm wears dangerously thin...Right now it's so thin I can see through it....And I don't like what I see.

MR. TREMAYNE (311)
(stung - icy)
If the sum of three hundred dollars can so alter your perspective....

MRS. TREMAYNE (312)
Don't speak so contemptuously about three hundred dollars... How long has it been since you have earned that much?

MR. TREMAYNE (313)
I have been working - incessantly.

MRS. TREMAYNE (314)
Working!.....Sitting in the study, listening to music, sharpening pencils.....You used to write a whole chapter at a sitting - at least, that's what you told me.

MR. TREMAYNE (315)
True, my dear...
(poised exit)
But that was before I met you!

Annoyed, Mrs. Tremayne turns back to her desk. Frank's pages lie there on top of other papers in front of her. Her eyes fall on them without really seeing them, then she picks them up and puts them aside, frowning at the SOUND of a HORN honking loudly in the motor court.

CUT

EXT. TREMAYNE MOTOR COURT - DAY

45 The Tremayne convertible is lined up with the rear to the cliff and the nose pointing down the driveway as on the day of the murder. Diane is honking the horn. Frank comes down the steps from his quarters two at a time. He looks mad, but seeing that it's Diane his expression softens.

FRANK (316)
Are you crazy?

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (317)
(like an excited kid)
I'm dying to know what happened... How did it go? Was she nice to you?

FRANK (318)
Very nice - and interested.
(he feels good)
If her lawyer okays the deal, it looks like it's in the bag.

DIANE (319)
(elated)
That's wonderful, darling!

FRANK (320)
(low)
Watch it.....

He gives her a look to remind her that her parents might be within earshot. She gets it, but is unconcerned.

DIANE (321)
(gay)
Now they're sure to consent to our engagement.

Frank is obviously surprised at this mention of engagement, though the idea evidently does not displease him.

FRANK (322)
Hey! Take it easy! Who said anything about engagements?

DIANE (323)
(cheerfully brazen)
I did, darling. Don't you see? Once this thing goes through you'll be a sort of partner - then everything will be all right.
(a happy thought)
I'll decorate your office. I have some wonderful ideas.

FRANK (324)
(smiles at her enthusiasm)
I bet you have....Should we celebrate now - or wait till our first million?

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (325)
Now!
(a swift look around)
I want you to look at something in my car.

Frank, guessing her intent, hesitates an instant, looks around, then follows her into the shadow of the garage, where the Jaguar is parked. She turns swiftly to face him and puts her arms round his neck. They kiss.

DIANE (cont'd)
Let's go dancing tonight, shall we?

FRANK (326)
(being very reasonable)
Look, right now we don't want to wreck everything....

DIANE (327)
(laughs away his caution)
We won't. We'll be very careful.... I'll meet you up at our point after dinner.

Frank smiles. If she's not worried, it's fine with him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HILLTOP (SAME AS SCENE 38) - ANGLE ON FRANK IN CAR - NIGHT

46 The car is parked facing the ocean. Frank is smoking. The radio is PLAYING. He looks at his watch. OVERSCENE comes the SOUND of the Jaguar approaching fast up the hill. The lights sweep the interior of Frank's car. He snaps off the radio and gets out.

47 THE JAGUAR - as Diane drives up very fast and skids to a tearing stop, like someone in a terrific hurry or a temper. She cuts lights and ignition and opens the door as Frank enters the shot.

FRANK (328)
(gently kidding)
You're not that late.....

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

With one arm he half lifts her out of the car. She hasn't greeted him, and now he sees she is on the verge of tears.

DIANE (329)
Frank....
(takes a handful of torn paper from her coat pocket)
Look what I found in her wastebasket.

She thrusts the torn pages into his hand. He snaps on his lighter to look. One glance by the light of the flame reveals the pages he had prepared and given to Mrs. Tremayne that morning. They are crumpled and torn. Frank is at first more puzzled than angry.

FRANK (330)
I don't get it.....Did she talk to her lawyer already?

DIANE (331)
Of course not. I checked. He's out of town....

FRANK (332)
Then why did she talk to me like --

DIANE (333)
This isn't against you, Frank. It's to get at me.....
(emotionally)
Oh, she's done things like this to me so often before. It was because I wanted her to put up that money for you.

FRANK (334)
She could have said no right away, couldn't she?

DIANE (335)
(bitterly)
That would have been too easy, don't you see? It wouldn't have hurt.

FRANK (336)
It just doesn't make sense...

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (337)
Of course it doesn't. But that's the way her mind works, Frank - act the Lady Bountiful and raise your hopes, then --
(a slight dramatic gesture)
Oh, darling, I'm so sorry....

Frank shrugs and stuffs the pages in his pocket. He evidently feels she is more upset than the incident warrants. He puts his arm round her and gives her a little hug.

FRANK (338)
(a chiding laugh)
Don't take it so hard....You had a nice idea and it didn't come off.

DIANE (339)
But I'm so sorry for you....

FRANK (340)
(he has written it off)
So she changed her mind, Diane. Let's forget it, huh.....Come on, we'll make a big night of it.

As he releases her and goes to climb into the car, Diane stops him.

DIANE (341)
Not tonight, Frank.

Frank looks at her. This he doesn't like.

FRANK (342)
How come?

DIANE (343)
(urgent)
It would be safer not. Not tonight. For a few days we must be careful - more than ever.

FRANK (344)
(sore)
What do we have to be careful for now?

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (345)
(feverishly)
If she found out she'd dismiss you. And I couldn't stand to lose you now. We must --

FRANK (346)
Okay, she fires me. So I get another job....Maybe it'd be better, at that. We wouldn't have to play around this way, like kids, hiding and --

DIANE (347)
(tragic)
Then I'd never see you. You don't know her, Frank. She'd lock me in.

FRANK (348)
(dry laugh)
Don't be silly. She can't lock you in.

DIANE (349)
(a note of despair)
She can do anything to me, Frank, because of my father. If I try to fight her, she makes him pay for it - and she knows I can't stand that.
(appealing)
Please understand, darling.

She lifts her face to be kissed. Frank is a little sore and somehow, instinctively, his uncomplicated mind rebels against all this. But he can't resist the appeal in her eyes or the seduction on her lips. They kiss. Then he releases her a trifle brusquely.

FRANK (350)
Okay...Maybe you better run along....

She nods unhappily and steps into the car as we

DISSOLVE

END OF PART V

INT. TREMAYNE HOME - MR. TREMAYNE'S BED-SITTING ROOM

48 ANGLING FROM Balcony, THROUGH partly opened French doors, TO - Diane and her father, sitting over a chess board. The game is about half-played. A small brandy snifter is on the table near Tremayne. Diane is dressed in the same outfit she was to have worn for Frank. She is looking fondly at her father as he frowns over the board. He makes a move and smiles his satisfaction as it is now her turn to frown and ponder.

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE APARTMENT

49 He is standing looking out the window. He turns, crosses to a phone on a desk or table. He sits, pulls it to him and dials. There is no answer. He drops his hands on the cradle to disconnect and dials again.

FEMALE VOICE (351)
(muffled)
Beverly Hills Emergency...

FRANK (352)
Ambulance dispatch desk please..
(pause)
Mary?....Oh...Smitty....This is Frank....Yeah I have been....No, I tried the apartment....No...No message....'night, Smitty.

He puts the receiver back on the cradle, stares at the phone, then shoves the chair back. He stands, shrugs, starts unbuttoning his shirt as he crosses the room.

INT.TREMAYNE BED SITTING ROOM AS BEFORE

50 Diane and her father are still at the chess board. There are perceptibly fewer pieces on the board than before. Suddenly he realizes he is trapped, forced to lose his queen. He looks up with an expression of comic chagrin.

MR. TREMAYNE (353)
Why, you imp!

She laughs delightedly.

MR. TREMAYNE (cont'd)
Oh, I concede, I concede!

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

As he shoves the pieces across the board, she jumps up to stand beside him, resting her hands on his shoulders as he fondly touches one of her hands. She kisses him on the top of the head.

DIANE (354)
You could win every time, if you really tried. You know you could...More brandy?

He indicates a wee bit more. She takes the glass and crosses the room as he opens the door wider and comes out on the balcony, breathing deep of the night air. Diane appears behind him with the brandy glass. She gives it to him smilingly.

DIANE (355)
I've set your milk and biscuits by your bed...AND cigarettes and matches!

TREMAYNE (356)
What would I do without you?

She smiles, reaches up and kisses him lightly.

DIANE (357)
'night, Daddy. Sleep tight!

She turns and moves back across the room. Tremayne looks after her fondly.

INT. TREMAYNE HOME - HALL - NIGHT

51 Diane emerges from her father's room, closing the door carefully behind her. She walks along the hall to her room.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

52 She softly closes the door behind her and stands uncertainly in the middle of the room, then slowly crosses to her piano. She begins softly playing. The CAMERA MOVES to study her face. It holds for appropriate length -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (2:30 a.m.)

53 Although there is no light burning in the room, there is sufficient illumination from outside -- either the moon or possibly a light in the courtyard -- to make objects discernible. In the direct foreground of this LONG SHOT is a clock, its hands pointing to 2:30.

The silence is broken with a sharp double RAP on the door. Frank sits bolt upright in bed, then swings back the covers and gets out. He steps into slippers and is putting on his robe as he hurries to the door and opens it.

Diane is standing there, in dressing gown and slippers. She is breathless, frightened. She quickly steps into the room. He shuts the door behind her.

FRANK (358)
Something wrong? What time is it?

He starts toward the lamp. She sees his intent.

DIANE (359)
No!...No light!...Oh Frank!

She runs to him. He puts his arms around her as she buries her head against his chest. He pats her shoulders.

FRANK (360)
All right...calm down...now what's the matter?

She shakes her head -- still snuggled against his chest.

FRANK (cont'd)
If you don't tell me, I can't help you!...Now what is it?

She moves away from him. Now she starts re-living her experience, recreating it for him.

DIANE (361)
I'd gone to bed...I don't know how long...I couldn't get off to sleep...I was thinking of you... But I must have dozed, because the next thing I had the feeling somebody was in my room!...I was afraid to move! Then I saw her, coming toward my bed...

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (362)
Who did you see?

DIANE (363)
Catherine. She stood there, watching me...

FRANK (364)
She say anything?

DIANE (365)
No...It was so strange...I wanted to speak but I couldn't! ...Then she went and closed the window and I heard her cross the room...She seemed to pause at the fireplace...I couldn't see from my bed...and then I heard her very quietly close the door... I lay still for a second and then I heard it -- the gas! -- that awful breathing sound it makes!...I jumped up and turned it off. I waited!...I didn't dare to leave the room... After a while I looked in the hall... there was nobody there...so... I rushed over here.

FRANK (366)
You haven't told your father?

DIANE (367)
How could I?

FRANK (368)
(heading to phone)
You're going to have to tell it -- to the police.

DIANE (369)
You mustn't!...I couldn't do that! She'd only deny it and what proof do we have?... The police couldn't do anything -- they didn't before!

FRANK (370)
Yeah...I been thinking of that too...If she wants to kill you, why does she turn on the gas in her own room first?

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (371)
(quickly)
To make it look as if someone else was guilty!

FRANK (372)
Is that what you were trying to do?

DIANE (373)
(appalled)
Frank! Are you accusing me?

FRANK (374)
I'm not accusing anyone...But if I was a cop -- and not a very bright cop either! - I'd say your story was as phoney as a three-dollar bill.

DIANE (375)
(hurt)
How can you say a thing like that to me?

FRANK (376)
(wry grin)
You mean "after all we've been to each other?"

He crosses to her and cups her chin with one hand and tilts her face.

FRANK (cont'd)
Look, Diane! I don't pretend to know what's going on behind this pretty little face of yours and I don't want to know -- because one thing I learned early: never be an innocent bystander. He's the guy who always gets hurt... You want to play with matches, okay...But not in gas-filled rooms. It's not only dangerous but stupid...So now you better get back to the house and back to bed -- and do some serious thinking.

DIANE (377)
(docilely)
Yes Frank...I will...I'm very tired.

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED

FRANK (378)
(drily - heading with her to the door)
That doesn't surprise me.

She turns at the door - half hoping he will kiss her. He makes no move to but opens the door. She leaves. He lights a cigarette and smokes it very thoughtfully.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

54 Mary is dressing. She is in a hurry, and she reacts with impatience at the SOUND of the doorbell. She grabs a dressing gown and hurries into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

55 Wrapping the dressing gown about her, she hurries across the living room to the front door. She opens it. Frank stands there. She is surprised and glad.

MARY (379)
Frank!

FRANK (380)
Hi...

MARY (381)
Come in...
(stands aside)
Why didn't you call me...?

As he enters:

FRANK (382)
(only half kidding)
Do I have to call ahead of time now?

MARY (383)
(an edge on it)
I thought maybe you'd forgotten the number.

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (384)
Maybe you should stick around more. I called last night - twice.

MARY (385)
(pleased but tries not to show it)
I was out with Bill.
(quickly)
I've got to get dressed. I'm on early duty.

FRANK (386)
Don't mind me...I been here before - remember?

MARY (387)
(soberly)
I remember, Frank.

She turns and goes o.s. into bedroom, leaving the door open.

MARY'S VOICE (388)
You had breakfast?

FRANK (389)
Yeah...

MARY'S VOICE (390)
There's some coffee in the pot, if you like.

Frank goes into kitchen.

56 ANGLE AT gas stove. There is a percolator on the stove. Frank takes the glass dome between thumb and finger. It lifts out. By his grin we know this has happened before.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM

57 Mary - as she does her hair and makes up in front of mirror. There is a new buoyancy about her.

MARY (391)
(calling)
Watch the glass - I still didn't get it fixed.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED)

FRANK'S VOICE (392)
I noticed that.

There is a pause. She can hear him moving about in the kitchen, RATTLING cup and saucer. She hesitates to ask the question foremost in her mind.

MARY (393)
What did you call me about last night, Frank?

FRANK'S VOICE (394)
(casual)
I had some time off.

MARY (395)
Why didn't you show up, then? Bill was sure you'd get there.

INT. LIVING ROOM

58 As Frank enters with a cup of coffee in his hand. He has no idea what she is talking about.

FRANK (396)
Show up where?

Mary appears in the doorway, still not fully dressed.

MARY (397)
Where? I suppose it was some other guy who entered the Singles in the Hospital Bowling Tournament at the Sunset Lanes.

FRANK (398)
Oh, that...I been busy.

MARY (399)
You have?

She turns back into the bedroom, CAMERA WITH her.

INT. BEDROOM

59 Mary continues dressing.

(CONTINUED)

59 (CONTINUED)

FRANK'S VOICE (400)
How did Bill make out in the Tournament?

MARY (401)
Great. He rolled a 245 in the second game.

INT. LIVING ROOM

60 Frank stands in the middle of the room with a cup of coffee and a cigarette. Through the open bedroom door he catches glimpses of Mary. She is doing something interesting, like straightening her stockings.

FRANK (402)
He's been doing all right with you, too, huh?

MARY'S VOICE (403)
Bill was very sweet to me, Frank - after you walked out.

Frank, feeling guilty, is sore.

FRANK (404)
I took a job that pays better than being a lousy ambulance driver. Is that a crime?

MARY'S VOICE (405)
(flares back)
Is taking the boss's daughter to the Mocambo part of the job?

Frank grins, finishes his coffee and sets the cup down on a table. Meanwhile:

FRANK (406)
They got a good band there. Remind me to take you sometime -
(a beat)
Who told you?

MARY'S VOICE (407)
Things get around!...Are you going to drive her car at Pebble Beach?

(CONTINUED)

60 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (408)
(slow)
I don't know...
(a beat)
I was thinking of quitting.

INT. BEDROOM

61 CLOSE SHOT - Mary, as she reacts, her face lighting up with hope and joy.

FRANK'S VOICE (409)
It's a weird outfit up there.
Not for me!

Mary slips on a blouse - one that buttons in the back - and hurries out into the living room buttoning the top button.

INT. LIVING ROOM

62

MARY (410)
Here, button me up, will you, honey?

Frank puts his cigarette down and starts to button her up.

MARY (cont'd)
Are you thinking of coming back to the hospital?

FRANK (411)
Nah. I was a dope staying there that long. I know motors! I can do better at Lockheed.

He does the last button and his hands lightly clasp her waist. He looks down at her from over her shoulder.

FRANK (cont'd)
What's the score, Mary? Has Bill taken over or do I still rate around here?

MARY (412)
(facing him)
That's a hard question to answer, Frank...and I don't think it's a fair one to ask.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (413)
(hard)
It's a simple question -- yes or no?...Bill or me? Can't you make up your mind?

MARY (414)
(simply)
Yes...but I want to be sure that you've made up yours...Can't we let it go at that for awhile?

FRANK (415)
On probation huh?...
(smiles)
Okay! How about tonight? We got a date?

MARY (416)
Why not?...

She smiles brightly at him as she heads for the door. He follows.

FRANK (417)
(as he goes)
You know, something...you're a nice guy -- for a girl.

DISSOLVE

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

63 He enters the apartment; takes off his coat with an air of brisk purpose, drops it across the back of a chair and goes to a closet door. He pulls out a suitcase and opens it, setting it across a chair. From the closet he pulls out a couple of suits on hangers, a few neckties. He drops them near the suitcase and then he goes into the bedroom. We hear him opening a bureau drawer.

Diane's swift footsteps are HEARD on the steps. A moment later she enters the room. She carries a small suitcase. She takes in the scene and the situation quickly. She quickly puts the case beside an armchair where it will not be seen by Frank. As she straightens up, Frank reappears in the doorway from the bedroom with some shirts and underwear.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
(quietly)
Where are you going?

FRANK
(going to suitcase)
I'm quitting!

DIANE
Why?

FRANK
(deadpan)
Let's say it's the altitude.... living way up here makes my heart pound.

He turns and goes back into the bedroom. She sinks into a chair and begins to cry noiselessly, like a child.

Frank returns to the room, with some shoes and a bathrobe over his arm. He goes to his suitcase, not looking at her.

FRANK (cont'd)
Let's face it - I shouldn't have taken this job....you shouldn't have asked me...I'm not saying that -

He has turned and now he sees her - sitting there, her face averted, quietly crying. It stops him. He slowly crosses to her, suspicious it is an act. He takes her face between his hands and forces her to look up at him. Her eyes are swimming and tears are coursing down her cheeks. She fights her face free.

DIANE
Leave me alone.

She turns her face away, buries it in a cushion. Frank sits beside her, very gentle now, touched.

FRANK
(quietly)
You know I'm right. You have your world, I have mine. You've got beautiful clothes, a big house --
(sad smile)
soft sheets -- and someday you'll come into a lot of money. I've got a pair of hands and not much else.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (417)
(quietly)
Where are you going?

FRANK (418)
(going to suitcase)
I'm quitting!

DIANE (419)
Why?

FRANK (420)
(deadpan)
Let's say it's the altitude.... living way up here makes my heart pound.

He turns and goes back into the bedroom. She sinks into a chair and begins to cry noiselessly, like a child.

Frank returns to the room, with some shoes and a bathrobe over his arm. He goes to his suitcase, not looking at her.

FRANK (cont'd)
Let's face it - I shouldn't have taken this job....you shouldn't have asked me...I'm not saying that -

He has turned and now he sees her - sitting there, her face averted, quietly crying. It stops him. He slowly crosses to her, suspicious it is an act. He takes her face between his hands and forces her to look up at him. Her eyes are swimming and tears are coursing down her cheeks. She fights her face free.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

Diane looks up at him.

DIANE
You're all I went...
(she clings to him)
I can't let you go! I won't!

The contact stirs him, but he forces her fingers from his shoulders and arms. He stands.

FRANK
I say it's no good. I'm not getting involved.

DIANE
Involved? Involved in what?

Now it's on the line and he has to answer.

FRANK
(angry)
How dumb do you think I am? You hate that woman and some day, somehow you'll hate her enough to kill her. It's been in the back of your mind all along.

DIANE
(despairing)
She has fooled you, like she has everyone...You don't believe me... even after what she did to you yesterday...You don't know what she has done to Daddy...I told you he was writing a wonderful book. I believed it, until one day last year I sneaked into his study to hide a surprise present in his desk -- something just between him and me...And I found that in the drawer where he was supposed to keep his manuscript there was nothing but a stack of blank paper...He hasn't written a line since she married him.

During this, Frank has moved back to his suitcase, resumed his packing -- not too interested in this story.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

Diane looks up at him.

DIANE (423)
You're all I want....
(she clings to him)
I can't let you go! I won't!

The contact stirs him, but he forces her fingers from his shoulders and arms. He moves away.

FRANK (424)
It's no use, Diane.

DIANE (425)
How can you go and leave me in this house?

FRANK (426)
(mad)
Do I have to spell it out? I don't want any part of this thing between you and your stepmother. It's no good. Something's going to - -

DIANE (427)
(low)
Catherine hates me, Frank. She has hated me for years - ever since she discovered she couldn't come between me and my father.

Frank shrugs and turns back to his packing. While he stuffs his things into the case, she continues feverishly:

DIANE (cont'd)
(despairing)
I know....She has fooled you like she has fooled everybody. You don't believe me - even after what she did to you yesterday. You don't know what she has done to Daddy.... I told you he was writing a wonderful book. I was lying to you, darling. There is no book. He hasn't written a line since she married him.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

FRANK
So he got tired. Any writer marries a rich widow, what do you expect him to write besides checks?

Diane jumps up in anger.

DIANE
Don't joke about my father!

FRANK
Okay, okay.

DIANE
She has humiliated him, destroyed him...and me!
(broodingly)
I've never had a thing in my life that she hasn't begrudged and spoiled somehow.

FRANK
No law says you have to stay here! Other girls work for a living.

DIANE
Do you think I'd stay one more day if it weren't for Daddy?

Frank picks up his closed suitcase.

FRANK
Well, guess that's where I came in and where I leave. So long, Diane!

DIANE
Frank, please!...Will you tell me one thing -- please be honest!

FRANK
Yes?

DIANE
Do you love me -- at all?
(quickly)
I must know...<u>now</u>!

FRANK
(soberly)
Must be a kind of love anyway. How's a man to know for sure with a gal like you?

Her next action surprises him. She turns and picks up her suitcase from beside the chair.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (428)
So he got tired. Any writer marries a rich widow, what do you expect him to write besides checks?

Diane jumps up in anger.

DIANE (429)
Don't joke about my father, Frank!

FRANK (430)
Okay...okay....

DIANE (431)
She has humiliated him, destroyed him....can't you see the kind of woman she is?...

FRANK (432)
(cuts in)
Okay. I just don't want to get involved in it.
(snaps suitcase shut with finality)
So long, Diane.

DIANE (433)
Frank, please -- Will you tell me one thing -- please be honest!

FRANK (434)
Yes?

DIANE (435)
Do you love me -- at all?
(quickly)
I must know -- now!

FRANK
(soberly)
Must be a kind of love, anyway. How's a man to know for sure with a gal like you?

Her next action surprises him. She turns and picks up her suitcase from beside the chair.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
Will you take me away with you?

FRANK
You had it all figured...
(directly)
You're ready to leave your father
...give up everything here?

DIANE
If I have to -- to keep you.

FRANK
(going to her)
You know, I could be wrong about
you.

She goes close to him.

DIANE
You've been so wrong, darling...
so wrong.

He drops his suitcase and takes her in his arms. They kiss. She knows now that she has him hooked again.

DIANE (cont'd)
I have my jewels in here. We can
raise a little money. Sell my
car. We'll get your shop -- not
the big one we'd planned, but
something. I know it won't be
easy at first.

FRANK
It'll be rough!

DIANE
But you're clever...and someday
maybe we'll have our own swimming
pool and servants and cars again...
(little laugh)
and the fine linens I love.

FRANK
(uncertainly)
Sure...sure we will...But maybe
you ought to think it over...I
want to be sure you know what
you'd be getting into...

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (437)
Will you take me away with you?

FRANK (438)
(half to himself)
You had it all figured...
(directly)
You're ready to leave your father ...give up everything here?

DIANE (439)
If I have to -- to keep you.

FRANK (440)
(going to her)
You know, I could be wrong about you.

She goes close to him.

DIANE (441)
You've been so wrong, darling.... so wrong.

He drops his suitcase and takes her in his arms. They kiss. She knows now that she has him hooked again.

DIANE (cont'd)
I have my jewels in here. We can raise a little money. Sell my car. We'll get other cars, darling. And swimming pools and servants - all those things will come one day. You're clever. It won't be hard.....

Every word she says makes him more reluctant to leave.

FRANK (442)
You don't know what you'd be getting into.....

DIANE (443)
(a brave smile)
I don't care - as long as I'm in it with you, darling.

Frank is thinking hard. She has succeeded in stopping him, but he has not yet made up his mind.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
But I AM sure, darling...aren't you?

During the above we HEAR a car drive into the courtyard, a door OPEN and SLAM shut. Frank looks from Diane to her suitcase. He picks it up and shoves it into the closet. During this:

FRANK
That's her now...better get out of here.
(to Diane)
Let's think it over a few days.

DIANE
(moves close to him)
You won't leave?...You won't go without me? Promise?

FRANK
Promise.

She smiles, kisses him lightly and exits quickly. Frank stands for a moment looking after her, then crosses slowly to the phone. He dials, hating himself for what he is going to do.

FRANK (cont'd)
The Emergency Desk - Mary Wilton...

EXT. MOTOR COURT - DAY

64 As Diane descends the last few steps from Frank's quarters. Catherine's car is parked in front of the garage. Diane walks slowly across the court toward the edge of the cliff. She stands there for a moment, looking down. There is a piece of foil from a pack of cigarettes at her feet. She picks it up, drops it over the cliff and watches it flutter down...down...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. TREMAYNE HOME - COURTYARD - DAY

65 MOVING SHOT - Ito and Chiyo - they are embarking on their usual Thursday off. They emerge from the kitchen door, with Ito regally in the lead and Chiyo a step behind, arms piled high with burdens - a wicker basket, which may contain some clothing; a straw shopping bag, which no doubt contains half-a-ham, a pound of butter and other "totin's" from the

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (444)
Let's not rush it.....A couple more days maybe we.....

He picks up her case and his and puts them in the closet. During this business we hear a car drive into the motor court and the door BANG. She glances out of the window, then back at Frank.

DIANE (445)
It's Catherine...I must run, Frank.
(moves close to him)
You won't leave?.... You won't go without me? Promise?

FRANK (446)
Promise.

She smiles, kisses him lightly and exits quickly. Frank stands for a moment looking after her, then crosses slowly to the phone. He dials, hating himself for what he is going to do.

FRANK (cont'd)
(into phone)
The Emergency Desk - Mary Wilton...

EXT. MOTOR COURT - DAY

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(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

Tremayne pantry; it is topped off with some folded linens and trousers which Ito will have cleaned in Little Tokyo. Chiyo is scolding all the way in Japanese.

CHIYO (447)
(in Japanese)
Why don't you carry some of this?

ITO (448)
(in Japanese)
Stop complaining. It's not heavy.

They cross the court - where three cars are drawn up, noses out, heading down the drive. First car is Mrs. Tremayne's convertible, next is the Jaguar and finally - in absurd contrast - the Itos' jalopy, a vintage 1934 to 1938 Ford or Chevrolet, which no amount of washing or polishing can ever restore to brightness.

Frank has been working on the Jaguar - with its hood raised. He has a wrench in his hand. He looks up and grins as Ito and Chiyo cross, heading for their own car.

ITO (cont'd)
(to Frank)
Heavy, she says.
(grins)
The only trouble with America
it spoils the women.

Chiyo has climbed in. She pokes her head out.

CHIYO (449)
(Japanese equivalent)
Oh yeah!

Ito climbs in, turns the key - STARTS the motor. Frank crosses to him.

FRANK (450)
I put in a new set of spark plugs...I think it'll work better now.

The motor catches. There is a really horrible SOUND as it turns over, but the Itos like it.

ITO (451)
(having to shout)
Sounds...very...good...

(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

He puts the car in gear with an awful CLASHING, and they start away.

FRANK (452)
(shouting after them)
Have a nice day!

He looks after them with an enigmatic expression, then shoots a glance at the house. He goes to the Jaguar and closes the hood, then hurries purposefully into the garage, wiping his hands on a rag as he goes.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

66 ANGLE AT window - Diane is looking down into the courtyard, her expression watchful.

CATHERINE'S VOICE (453)
(from the hall)
Chiyo, oh CHIYO!

67 FULL SHOT - Mrs. Tremayne opens the door. She is fully dressed - except for purse, gloves and hat.

CATHERINE (454)
Is she in here?

DIANE (455)
No! Thursday off.

We HEAR the Jaguar motor start. Diane quickly looks back out window.

CATHERINE (456)
Could you help me, dear, I've looked everywhere...!

68 REVERSE ANGLE - Courtyard - as from upper window. The Jaguar, with Frank at the wheel, glides out of the court and down the drive.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

69 FULL SHOT - Diane turns from the window to her mother.

CATHERINE (457)
I can't find a single pair of white cotton gloves. I really don't know where they all --

(CONTINUED)

69 (CONTINUED)

DIANE (458)
(riding over - bit of impatience)
Take one of mine...

She crosses to a small chest, opens a drawer - pulls out a pair, hands to stepmother.

CATHERINE (459)
Oh thank you, dear...
(closer look)
These are your good ones...I'd hate to lose them...Haven't you...?

DIANE (460)
(sudden intensity)
Please take them...I want you to! Please!

CATHERINE (461)
(touched)
Why, thank you, dear --

A quick hug. Diane stiffens, just perceptibly.

CATHERINE (cont'd)
You can be sweet at times....
(glance at watch)
Oh dear, I must rush!

She hurries through the door and back the hall to her own room. Diane follows through the door.

INT. TREMAYNE HALL AND LIVING ROOM

70 Diane comes down the steps, stands uncertain - then enters music room. With sudden impulse, she goes to the piano - begins softly to PLAY - to play the same music we heard her playing the first night Frank entered the house.

We hear Catherine hurrying down the steps. She crosses the hall.

CATHERINE (462)
'Bye, dear...Wish me luck!

She doesn't pause, but continues across the hall - Diane not turning or pausing in her playing. Catherine opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

CATHERINE'S VOICE (463)
(calling)
Frank!...OH FRANK!

She takes a few steps out the open door.

CATHERINE'S VOICE (cont'd)
FRANK! Where are you?

She waits a moment, then we hear her returning - her voice preceding her reappearance.

CATHERINE (464)
The man's never there when you want him. Have you seen Frank, Diane? DIANE! Have you seen Frank? I don't know what's got into him the last few days.

DIANE (465)
(stopping - turning)
Frank?
(hand to her lips in dismay)
Oh, I'm so sorry! It's my fault. I completely forgot...It was something about the tappet rod... I told him to take my car and pick it up...

CATHERINE (466)
How could you forget! You knew I must be in Santa Barbara by eleven!

DIANE (467)
Maybe he'll be back...

CATHERINE (468)
MAYBE!...They don't hold up tournaments, you know!...

DIANE (469)
(jumping up)
Then let me drive you!

CATHERINE (470)
(stiffly)
No, thank you...I shall drive myself! (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (cont'd)
(turning, heading for door)
And a fine state of nerves I shall be in, too...
(heading out - as Diane again sits at piano)
It's little enough I ask around here, considering all I do...

Her voice dwindles and is lost as Diane starts to play -- to play with steadily rising VOLUME and intensity.

71 CLOSE SHOT - ON Diane's face - as she plays.

EXT. TREMAYNE HOME - COURTYARD

72 As Catherine Tremayne comes sailing across to the front of the garage where her car waits. Down the side path -- crossing the kitchen door -- simultaneously comes Mr. Tremayne.

MR. TREMAYNE (471)
Oh Catherine...

MRS. TREMAYNE (472)
(crossly - not pausing)
I'm in a dreadful hurry, Charles...

MR. TREMAYNE (473)
I was wondering if you'd mind dropping me in Beverly...

MRS. TREMAYNE (474)
I'm very late, Charles...Any other time.

He shrugs, surrendering. They have reached the car. He opens the door for her. She gets in.

MRS. TREMAYNE (cont'd)
Why don't you ask Diane...?
(a look at his crestfallen face)
Oh very well...I'll drop you off...But hurry, please...

(CONTINUED)

72 (CONTINUED)

He crosses around to the other side.

MR. TREMAYNE (475)
I won't take you out of your way, I promise, my dear...

73 CLOSE SHOT - ON the two in the car.

MRS. TREMAYNE (476)
(reaching for ignition)
What is that thing she is playing?

MR. TREMAYNE (477)
I believe it's called...

The switch is turned, she steps on the ignition -- the accelerator -- the car comes to life with a ROAR of full throttle and races backward. Catherine's face is a mask of terror -- but her scream is lost. Tremayne's mouth flies open in a grimace of fright as he tries in vain to reach for some control.

The car races back, hits some obstacle off -- crashes through -- and then o.s. we hear the avalanche SOUND of the huge roadster hitting on rocks -- bouncing -- metal crunching -- rocks falling -- the thundering CRASH and CRUNCH as it hits the bottom...A few stones fall, a little slide of gravel...In this relative silence the SOUND of the piano comes over more clearly -- ever more clearly in the then-complete silence of death.

74 CLOSE SHOT - Diane at piano. With completely stony face, she continues her playing.

FADE OUT

END OF PART VII

FADE IN

INT. BOOKING OFFICE - BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION-DAY

75 The door opens and Frank enters, closely trailed by two detectives -- COPELAND and WALKER. Behind the desk are two or three uniformed policemen. If desirable a detective may be standing at the desk, booking a burglary suspect. Walker stops off at the desk. Copeland and Frank continue across the room and enter a door marked "DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT".

INT. LIEUTENANT ED BRADY'S OFFICE - DAY

c

75A ED BRADY is at a file cabinet in the corner of the room, removing a thin folder. He turns as the men enter.

BRADY
Hello, Frank...How've you been?

He crosses and extends his hand. Frank takes it.

FRANK
Fine, Ed!

BRADY
(going behind desk)
Sit down...I was asking about you just the other night...that red-headed partner of yours...?

FRANK
Bill? Haven't been seeing much of him.

BRADY
(tartly)
Driving for people like the Tremaynes made you kind of exclusive, huh?

FRANK
I wouldn't say that. The job kept me busy.

BRADY
Looks like you'll have to find a new one now -- with the Tremaynes dead...
(gets down to business)
How long were you up there?

(CONTINUED)

75 MISSING

INT. CORRIDOR - PRISON WARD - L. A. COUNTY HOSPITAL

76 Elevator doors open and out step two lawyers, ARTHUR VANCE (previously identified as "Bullard," the Tremayne family lawyer) and FRED BARRETT, a legal eagle -- poised, cynical, expensively dressed and expensive. Vance carries a brief case, Barrett does not.

VANCE
You can imagine what a shock it was! I'd known Catherine for twenty years...her father was one of my first clients! --

BARRETT
Did you draw up the will?

VANCE
Two years ago...Tremayne was to get a fixed income as long as he lived...he wasn't very practical about money...the bulk of the estate was left to Diane...

BARRETT
That's bad.
(at Vance's look)
The District Attorney will use it against us.
(reassuringly)
Well, we'll see.

A deputy sheriff on guard at the barred entrance looks up from his magazine and gets to his feet when he spots Barrett. He obviously knows him, treats him with deference.

BARRETT (cont'd)
(patronizingly)
Hello, Kelly...

DEPUTY
Oh! Hello, Mr. Barrett!

The deputy opens the door. A matron comes over -- a sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

FADE IN

INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM

(TO BE WRITTEN)

75 Three detectives and a police stenographer. A scene with Frank being questioned in a routine manner by a Beverly Hills detective in the Homicide Squad Room. He is not under arrest, or even under special suspicion. The questions are mostly about the condition of the car before the accident, and whether Mrs. Tremayne was a good driver. But then another detective brings in Diane's suitcase, which was found in Frank's room. Immediately the tone changes...he's definitely under suspicion now and so is she.

INT. CORRIDOR - PRISON WARD - L.A. COUNTY HOSPITAL

76 Elevator doors open and out step two lawyers, Arthur Vance (previously identified as "Bullard", the Tremayne family lawyer; and FRED BARRETT, a legal eagle -- poised, cynical, expensively dressed and expensive. Vance carries a brief case, Barrett does not. (How about gloves, a cane, and a black Homburg?)

A deputy sheriff on guard at the barred entrance looks up from his magazine and gets to his feet when he spots Barrett. He obviously knows him, treats him with deference.

DEPUTY (478)
Oh! Hello, Mister Barrett!

BARRETT (479)
(patronizingly)
Hello, Kelly...

The deputy opens the door. A matron comes over -- a sergeant.

DEPUTY (480)
(to matron)
This is Mister Barrett, sergeant...

BARRETT (481)
(to matron - indicating Vance)
And Arthur Vance...

MATRON (482)
I hope you won't speak too much about her father...Today's the first day she's gone without sedatives.

(CONTINUED)

75A (CONTINUED)

FRANK
About a month.

BRADY
How did you come to take the job anyway?

FRANK
Just happened to fall into it -- We got a call from there one night...

BRADY
(looking at folder)
Yeah...I have the report here... asphyxiation case...Mrs. Tremayne ...probably accidental...
(he looks up)
Makes you wonder, doesn't it?

FRANK
What do you mean?

BRADY
She claimed someone had tried to murder her.

FRANK
She was hysterical. Why would anyone try to murder her?

BRADY
(reproachfully)
Are you kidding? A woman with her kind of money!...
(casually)
What sort of a girl is this step-daughter...
(referring to folder)
Diane?

FRANK
(shrugging)
Nice girl -- very pretty.

BRADY
Any boyfriends?

(CONTINUED)

76 (CONTINUED)

DEPUTY
(to matron)
This is Mister Barrett, sergeant...

BARRETT
(to matron -
indicating Vance)
And Arthur Vance...

MATRON
I hope you won't speak too much about her father...Today's the first day she's gone without sedatives.

(CONTINUED)

75A (CONTINUED)

FRANK
None that I ever saw. She and her father were very close.

BRADY
(shrewdly)
But didn't get along with the stepmother, eh?

FRANK
I didn't say that!

BRADY
Okay...When was the last time you drove the Tremayne car?

FRANK
This morning, when I got it out of the garage.

BRADY
Notice anything wrong with it?

FRANK
Not a thing.

BRADY
Remember whether you left it in gear -- in reverse maybe?

FRANK
I'd say no...It's just automatic with me to shift into neutral before I cut a motor.

The phone RINGS in middle of foregoing.

BRADY
(taking phone)
Yeah?...Oh?
(he looks at Frank with new interest)
That so?...Uh-huh...Well, bring it in!

He hangs up and he looks at Frank with definitely a different air.

(CONTINUED)

75A (CONTINUED)

BRADY (cont'd)
Getting back to the step-daughter -- you said she had no boyfriends?

FRANK
Far as I know...

BRADY
You and the girl weren't planning to run off together, were you?

FRANK
No!

The door opens and in comes Walker, carrying Diane's suitcase. He puts it on the desk. He and Brady and Copeland are all looking at Frank, who stares numbly at the suitcase -- at the leather tag on the handle with the girl's name on it. Brady's eyes are narrow.

BRADY
Then how do you account for her suitcase in your room?

FRANK
(groping)
Well, it's...

BRADY
Hold it, Frank...
(sympathetically)
If I were in your spot, I'd hire myself a lawyer.

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR - PRISON WARD - L. A. COUNTY HOSPITAL

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(at Vance's look)
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BARRETT (cont'd)
(patronizingly)
Hello, Kelly...

DEPUTY
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The deputy opens the door. A matron comes over -- a sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

76 (CONTINUED)

DEPUTY
(to matron)
This is Mister Barrett, sergeant...

[illegible]
(to matron -
indicating Vance)
And Arthur Vance...

MATRON
I hope you won't speak too much about her father...Today's the first day she's gone without sedatives.

(CONTINUED)

76 (CONTINUED)

VANCE (483)
We understand.

They start away, the matron leading.

VANCE (cont'd)
(to Barrett)
She idolized the man, Fred. It's no wonder her nerves have cracked.

77 FULL SHOT - Prison Ward. As the matron leads Barrett and Vance down the line of beds. Vance obviously feels out of his element in these surroundings, while Barrett is completely at ease. One woman prisoner sits up in her bed as he passes.

WOMAN (484)
(loudly)
Hey girls, look! We got a celebrity! Legal-eagle Barrett! That Tremayne dame really must be in trouble!

MATRON (485)
Quiet, Warner! That's no way to talk.

They continue to the last bed in the ward and the CAMERA PANS TO Diane's bedside. Diane has her face turned away from them. She wears the rough white hospital nightgown, lies on the rough white stencil-marked sheets of the COUNTY HOSPITAL.

The matron leans over and touches her shoulder.

MATRON (cont'd)
Tremayne!...

Diane stiffens at the touch, but doesn't turn.

MATRON (cont'd)
Miss Tremayne! Your lawyers are here.

BARRETT (486)
Could we have one of those screens please, sergeant?

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

MATRON (487)
(uncertainly)
Well, I....Very well.

She leaves.

VANCE (488)
(gently)
Diane!

Slowly Diane turns. Her face is pale, drawn; her eyes deep-shadowed.

VANCE (cont'd)
(softly)
This is Fred Barrett. He's going to handle your defense.

Diane shakes her head from side to side weakly. She is trying to speak but it takes a while for the words to form. Meanwhile Vance is going on:

VANCE (cont'd)
Fred's just about the best trial man in the country and we were mighty lucky to get him...

DIANE (489)
I don't want anyone to defend me.

BARRETT (490)
(dripping sympathy)
Know just how you feel! Most natural reaction in the world... I'd want my own daughter to feel the same...She's just about your age...wish I could say she was as lovely...but she takes after me more than her mother.

The screen has been moved in during this and Barrett moves in to sit on the side of the bed.

BARRETT (cont'd)
But Diane -- a girl of twenty has her whole life in front of her...You can't permit your grief -- understandable as it may be...

DIANE (491)
(quietly)
But I <u>did</u> it!

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

VANCE (492)
(quickly)
Now, now!..You mustn't say things...

BARRETT (493)
(a gesture
to Vance)
No..Let her talk, Arthur...Go on.

DIANE (494)
I did it--all by myself...not Frank...

BARRETT (495)
(soothingly)
You're a very sick girl -- you know that, don't you...Otherwise you wouldn't be here.

DIANE (496)
I know what I'm saying.

BARRETT (497)
Sure, sure! But the doctor doesn't want you to make any statement.... That's why he hasn't permitted the district attorney to question you yet.

DIANE (498)
But I tell you he's innocent... I did it.

BARRETT (499)
(to Vance --
dripping
admiration)
You're right, Arthur...A wonderful girl...beautiful impulse, wanting to shield the man you love!

DIANE (500)
I am not shielding him. He is innocent.

BARRETT (501)
The law says you're both innocent until proved guilty...Both, you understand? Now I want you to listen, Diane...very carefully... Everything the District Attorney has, all the evidence, links you and Frank together -- the motive! (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (cont'd)
the means! the opportunity!.. It won't help for either one of you to shoulder the blame or to pass it on!...All you'll do is convince the jury that you're both lying...and both guilty!

DIANE (502)
But I'm telling the truth!

BARRETT (503)
The truth is what the jury decides ---not you, not me, not Frank... And the jury can only decide on the basis of evidence and your testimony...If you quit, he's through - if you want to fight, he has a chance.

He lets it sink in and it is evident that what he sees satisfies him. He stands.

BARRETT (cont'd)
Now you rest!..We'll be back tomorrow.

VANCE (504)
Don't you worry. Everything's going to be all right...See you tomorrow.

As they start away, Barrett drops his voice for Vance alone.

BARRETT (505)
Maybe you should speak to the doctor. I don't believe she's ready to leave here yet.

78 MOVING SHOT - the two lawyers leaving the ward.

VANCE (506)
Well, what do you think: "not guilty by reason of insanity?"

BARRETT (507)
Too early to decide. A lot depends on the man -- whether he is willing to cooperate.

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

They reach the elevators, wait there.

BARRETT (cont'd)
I called his lawyer this morning...
He's arranged for me to see him.

The elevator doors open and they step in.

DISSOLVE

INT. ATTORNEYS' ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY

79 Barrett and a young lawyer named LEWIS are seated at a table. It is divided by a partition, on the other side of which sits Frank, in prison garb. He is coldly hostile.

FRANK
(flatly)
I don't have to cooperate, Mister Barrett, and I already have an attorney.

BARRETT
You'll keep your own attorney. He's not going to leave the case!

LEWIS
Of course not! But I don't think we should disregard Mister Barrett's offer.

BARRETT
To be very blunt, Mister Jessup, I am not particularly interested in saving your neck...My only concern is my client, Diane Tremayne.

FRANK
That's what I thought...

BARRETT
But the point is: you have a much better chance together than separately...And the evidence actually points far more to you than it does to her...The fact that an automobile was involved...

FRANK
If she thinks she can get away with that, she's...

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

They reach the elevators, wait there.

BARRETT (cont'd)
I called his lawyer this morning...
He's arranged for me to see him.

The elevator doors open and they step in.

DISSOLVE

INT. ATTORNEY'S ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY

79 (TO BE WRITTEN)

Present will be Frank, Barrett, another attorney; with deputy sheriffs and prisoners and attorneys in b.g.

The burden of this scene will convey Frank's anger at being involved in this mess and his natural suspicion that Barrett is trying to make him the patsy. But Barrett -- who dominates Frank's little lawyer -- must convince him that the quickest route to the gas chamber would be by turning against the girl: he might succeed in getting her convicted, but he could be damned certain of getting a life sentence himself -- even if he turned state's evidence. On the other hand, Barrett has an impressive record of acquittals on circumstantial-evidence cases -- which Frank's own lawyer can attest to. Further, he has a plan: getting them married before the trial to create complete sympathy for them. "All the world loves a lover -- and juries are no exception." Barrett leaves Frank with his lawyer to make the decision.

DISSOLVE

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

80 The prison chaplain stands with back to camera. Diane is in bed, but wearing a lovely white bed-jacket and with her hair carefully arranged; but still pale and drawn beneath her makeup. Beside Diane, as maid of honor, is the prison matron -- the sergeant seen before. Frank is in a dark suit, not prison garb. Behind him as best man, is Frank's lawyer. Leaning against the wall, watching the proceedings with cynical eye, is Barrett.

(CONTINUED)

79 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT
(impatiently)
No one's trying to get away with anything! But in cases like this you can't overlook the personal equation. She'll get a lot of sympathy...a pretty girl - deeply devoted to her father, on the best of terms with her stepmother who was a kind, generous woman as you well know...

FRANK
Do I?

BARRETT
The family lawyer told me she was planning to set you up in a garage business.

FRANK
That's not what Diane said! Somebody's lying!

BARRETT
(smoothly)
Probably a misunderstanding... But that's not important. All I want to know is whether you're willing to follow our strategy.

LEWIS
Frank, you ought to bear in mind Mister Barrett's record...He has never lost a case yet where --

BARRETT
(deprecatingly)
Let's not say 'never'...

LEWIS
Suppose you explain what you have in mind?

BARRETT
(to Lewis)
Your client and mine are getting married.

FRANK
What!

(CONTINUED)

79 (CONTINUED)

LEWIS
(shushing him)
Just a moment!
(to Barrett)
I don't quite follow you on this marriage idea.

BARRETT
Very simple. All the world loves a lover -- and juries are no exception.

FRANK
Nothing doing!

BARRETT
(to Lewis)
The D.A. is going to make a lot of that suitcase in his room. He'll accuse them of having an affair. We'll make a virtue of it...Certainly they were lovers! And they're not ashamed of it... A tragic accident, and the intervention of the police, prevented their elopement...But even prison bars cannot change their love or halt their marriage...

LEWIS
But wouldn't the district attorney block it?

BARRETT
He wouldn't dare stand in the path of true love -- with an election coming up in November.

He rises, smiling slightly.

BARRETT (cont'd)
Think it over, Mister Jessup.
(to Lewis)
Let me know his decision as soon as possible.

LEWIS
I certainly will, Mister Barrett.

DISSOLVE

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

80 The prison chaplain stands with back to camera. Diane is in bed, but wearing a lovely white bed-jacket and with her hair carefully arranged; but still pale and drawn beneath her makeup. Beside Diane, as maid of honor, is the prison matron -- the sergeant seen before. Frank is in a dark suit, not prison garb. Behind him as best man, is Frank's lawyer. Leaning against the wall, watching the proceedings with cynical eye, is Barrett.

(CONTINUED)

80 (CONTINUED)

CHAPLAIN (508)
...I now pronounce you man and wife.

Frank makes no move to bend and kiss the bride.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE - showing the chaplain, the newlyweds, Barrett in the b.g. The chaplain's expression is puzzled at the strange behavior of the two.

CHAPLAIN (509)
(faint smile)
That's all...you're married now.
(to Frank)
You may kiss the bride.

Frank bends in as Diane dutifully raises her face. He kisses her on the lips.

FRANK (510)
(bitterly - just for her ears)
Congratulations....

Barrett moves in quickly, his air hearty.

BARRETT (511)
Well! That does it!
(to chaplain)
Beautiful ceremony, padre, in spite of the circumstances...and just goes to prove the old saw: Love will find a way. Yes indeed!

One of the matrons comes up with a cheap box camera with a flash attachment. (We might assume one of the newspapers has offered her $100 for a shot.)

MATRON (512)
(aiming camera)
May I? Just one?

BARRETT (513)
(quickly intervening)
NO PICTURES PLEASE!
(for benefit of posterity)
Let no one say that this wedding was arranged with any thoughts of publicity!

82 FULL SHOT - as a grey-haired woman prisoner, with eyes moist with sentiment, steps foward proudly bearing a medium-sized, very badly decorated wedding cake surmounted by the doll figures of bride and groom. Behind her a matron is pushing a hospital cart laden with paper plates and wooden forks.

WOMAN PRISONER (514)
We thought you'd like a cake...
so the girls chipped in...and there
ain't much we can say but..
(voice gaining force)
kids, we sure hope you beat the rap!

And the matron comes in beside her with the knife for the cake-cutting.

MATRON (515)
Now if the bride will cut the
cake....

At the same moment, one of the prisoners, a Negro woman, breaks into "O Promise Me" in a rich contralto. Barrett brushes close to the bedside.

BARRETT (516)
Congratulations! Sorry we can't
stay for the party!

Vance joins Barrett.

VANCE (517)
All the happiness in the world!
-- right down to the last
shoplifter.

As the two lawyers leave, we see the entire ward in a state of modified rapture at the touch of romance which has brightened their lives. Some join in the strains of "O Promise Me" - with tears streaming down their faces.

83 MOVING SHOT - UP the aisle - the lawyers leaving.

VANCE (518)
Have you reached any decision
about the plea?

BARRETT (519)
(nodding)
Not guilty.

(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED)

VANCE (520)
(taken aback)
Isn't that too much of a gamble?

They cross toward the elevators, press the button.

BARRETT (521)
What happens if we plead insanity? They turn her over to the D.A.'s psychiatrists--and you know what that means...questions, answers.

VANCE (522)
No, we wouldn't want that.

BARRETT (523)
Besides, suppose they did find she was off...Wouldn't help the man, would it...Insanity's not contagious.

Doors open and they step in.

BARRETT (cont'd)
Besides, it would tie up the estate....
(grin)
It's bad enough to have a client put away, Arthur...but when the money's locked up to....

The doors shut.

DISSOLVE

END OF PART VIII

INT. SUPERIOR COURT - DAY

84 ANGLE is on one of two motors, mounted on wheeled, tilt-top tables. One motor is brand-new, fresh from the factory; the other is the wrecked remains of the Tremayne engine.

Beside the new motor stands Samuel Miller, automotive expert; a poised, professional type, with easy and assured manner. Nearby stands Edward Judson, the D.A.

MILLER (524)
...So that rod, connected to the gear-shift lever on the steering post, comes down here and is coupled to the bell-crank -- here.

JUDSON (525)
And will you demonstrate to the jury just how that operates, Mister Miller.

MILLER (526)
Yes sir...Now if someone will shift to reverse....

One of the court attendants shifts the lever on the steering rod.

MILLER (cont'd)
You see the bell-crank moves forward...In drive position - back...In neutral - here...But if this shifting rod is uncoupled here -- by removing this cotter pin...a very simple operation, as you can see, then no matter what you do with the shift-lever...the bell-crank remains where it is -- in drive, or neutral, or reverse...wherever it happens to be.

JUDSON (527)
Thank you...That makes it quite clear.

Miller starts to move toward the stand, but Judson checks him.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

JUDSON (cont'd)
Now, Mr. Miller, will you point out the throttle retractor spring and explain its purpose?

MILLER (528)
This is it here -- this little spring. Its function is to control the amount of gasoline released when you step on the accelerator.

JUDSON (529)
Will you explain what happens if that spring is removed?

MILLER (530)
Well, a person stepping on the accelerator just opens it wide -- like putting your gas pedal right down to the floor.

JUDSON (531)
In other words, giving the motor full throttle.

MILLER (531A)
Yes sir.

Judson gestures Miller to the witness stand.

JUDSON (532)
Mister Miller, you examined the motor removed from the wreckage of the Tremayne car -- marked Exhibit B?

MILLER (533)
Yes sir.

JUDSON (534)
And what did you find in connection with the gearshift rod.

MILLER (535)
That there was no connection! It was disconnected and the cotter pin removed.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (536)
(rising)
Move to strike the answer! Witness cannot know that the pin or any other part was removed - or that anything had been disconnected!

JUDGE (537)
Motion granted.

JUDSON (538)
But the cotter pin was missing?

MILLER (539)
That's correct -- and so was the throttle retractor spring. That was off too!

JUDSON (540)
And in what position was the bell-crank -- in neutral, in drive or reverse?

MILLER (541)
It was in reverse.

JUDSON (542)
Now will you tell the jury in what position was the shift lever on the steering wheel?

MILLER (543)
It was pointed at drive.

JUDSON (544)
Now, Mister Miller, would you say that, in your opinion, the Tremayne car had been tampered with?

BARRETT (545)
Objection --

JUDGE (546)
As a qualified expert, the witness is permitted to express his opinion as to the result of his investigation.

BARRETT (547)
Exception.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

JUDSON (548)
Well, Mister Miller.

MILLER (549)
Yes sir. I would say it had been tampered with.

JUDSON (550)
Your witness, Mister Barrett.

BARRETT (551)
Mr. Miller, it has been testified that the Tremayne automobile fell a total distance of one hundred and fifty feet, hitting and bouncing off rocks in its descent. Now you say that -- strangely enough -- some parts of this motor are missing or damaged...As I look at this heap of metal before me, I can only wonder that any of it has escaped undamaged...and as for missing parts, do you see a carburetor, or a fly-wheel?

MILLER (552)
No sir. They were either unrecognizable or couldn't be found...there wasn't as much damage to the shift mechanism.

BARRETT (553)
Couldn't the throttle spring have been dislodged by the impact of the crash?

MILLER (554)
(shaking his head)
The very fact that it's a spring -- with play in it...would make me be inclined...

BARRETT (555)
Forgetting your inclinations, Mr. Miller, isn't it a possibility?

MILLER (556)
Yes...I'd have to say that.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (557)
Isn't it also possible that the accelerator pedal may have jammed when Mrs. Tremayne stepped on the gas that day --?

MILLER (558)
When people start a car, they usually don't step so hard...

BARRETT (559)
I did not ask what people usually do or don't do...I ask if the gas pedal might not have jammed... Is that possible?

MILLER (560)
Well...yes...it's possible.

BARRETT (561)
You testified the lever on the steering wheel was found pointing to drive...while the car actually was in reverse...Now I ask whether, in your opinion, the lever could have been jarred from one position to another in the course of this drop?

MILLER (562)
It might, but...

BARRETT (563)
And as to this missing connection, couldn't that have broken off when the car struck on the rocks?

MILLER (564)
No sir. Not in my opinion. If it had you'd expect to see a part of the sheared-off cotter pin in one of the holes -- or scratches or marks or some bending to show where it had pulled out...There wasn't a sign.

JUROR (565)
Excuse me, but could I ask the witness a question?

BARRETT (566)
By all means.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

JUDGE (567)
You may ask your question, but if it's an improper one I'll have to instruct the witness not to answer.

JUROR (568)
Well, is it improper to ask if maybe this cotter pin mightn't have been defective?
(quickly)
I only ask because I had one bust off when I was fixing my kid's express wagon last week.

BARRETT (569)
That's a very good question, sir...Will you answer the juror, Mr. Miller. He asks: might not the cotter-pin have been defective..

MILLER (570)
Maybe one in a million might be...

BARRETT (571)
Mister Miller, would you be willing to stake your life on there being only one defective cotter pin in a million? Think carefully now. Remember, our juror came across one just last week!

MILLER (572)
Well maybe not a million.

BARRETT (573)
Maybe one in a thousand...or even one in a hundred?

JUDSON (574)
Your Honor, the question is argumentative. I object to counsel's badgering the witness over this relatively minor point.

BARRETT (575)
No point is minor when the lives of two innocent people...

JUDGE (576)
(rapping)
Now gentlemen, let's have no bickering. Defense counsel is quite within his rights, Mr. Judson. Overruled.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (577)
(injured dignity)
Thank you, Your Honor.

JUROR (578)
(a lot more self-confident now)
Could I ask another question now?

Barrett turns smilingly - hoping for another assist.

BARRETT (579)
You certainly may!

JUROR (580)
(innocently)
Well, what I'd like to know from Mister Miller is whether rigging a car like he says --

Barrett's jaw drops.

JUROR (cont'd)
is a very complicated thing, or could anyone -- even a woman -- do it?

JUDSON (581)
(beaming)
TELL the juror, Mister Miller.

MILLER (582)
As I said before, it would be a very simple mechanical operation -- once it had been explained. I am sure the juror himself could do it in a matter of minutes.

JUROR (583)
(sitting down)
Well, how do you like that!

BARRETT (584)
(testily)
Now if I may continue -- Mister Miller, you live in Detroit, do you not?

MILLER (585)
Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (586)
Then will you tell the jury who brought you out here from Detroit and employed you to make this investigation?

JUDSON (587)
Objection...counsel has no right to question the integrity of the witness.

BARRETT (588)
(hurt)
Your Honor, I have not questioned ANYONE'S integrity.

JUDGE (589)
Is it your intent to suggest possible bias on the part of the witness?

BARRETT (590)
It is, Your Honor -- since a sum in excess of three hundred thousand dollars will be saved by the insurance companies if murder -- rather than a simple accident -- can be proved here...

JUDSON (591)
I move that counsel's remarks are out of order...and prejudicial...

JUDGE (592)
Sustained. Jurors are instructed to disregard counsel's statement... However I rule his original question may stand.

BARRETT (593)
I will repeat the question. Who paid you to come out here and make this investigation, Mister Miller.

MILLER (594)
(reluctantly)
The insurance companies.

BARRETT (595)
That's all.

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM

85 ANGLE ON jury box. Judson is making his summation.

(CONTINUED)

END OF PART IX

85 (CONTINUED)

JUDSON
...with his knowledge of mechanics and her familiarity with the victims' habits, they plotted this murder -- premeditated cold-blooded murder...But the plot did not stop there! They planned every detail, even beyond the crime itself. Her breakdown -- when taken to the morgue to identify the bodies of Charles and Catherine Tremayne -- was a calculated bid for sympathy...However, they made one seemingly insignificant mistake that gave them away. They overlooked the clue which led to the discovery of their relationship ...Diane Tremayne's suitcase was found in the garage apartment of Frank Jessup!...And then, in desperation, confronted with a growing chain of evidence, they sought to remedy the situation by getting married and playing the part of two young lovers for the benefit of every tabloid scandal sheet in the country!

86 ANGLE ON Frank and Diane.

JUDSON'S VOICE
I say the word Love is profaned when applied to their unhealthy, shameful passion!

87 ANGLE ON Mary and Bill in court.

JUDSON'S VOICE
Their marriage under these circumstances is a mockery and a travesty!

88 ANGLE ON Judson.

(CONTINUED)

86 (CONTINUED)

JUDSON
I could have stopped it, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, but I did not...Because in the last analysis, I know it would damn them as utterly in your eyes as it did in mine.

DISSOLVE

INT. COURT

86a ANGLING ON Barrett making his summation.

BARRETT
I must admit I had a few anxious moments under the spell of the District Attorney's eloquence. For a while, he almost had me believing the prosecution had a case...But when you strip away the opulent phrases and get down to facts, then you discover he has no case!

He argues that Frank Jessup's mechanical skill and knowledge was necessary to transform this automobile into a murder weapon. Yet -- his <u>own</u> witness -- in answer to a question put by <u>one</u> of <u>you</u>, ladies and gentlemen -- clearly stated that anyone -- without any special technical skill -- could have rigged that car in a few minutes in the way the District Attorney imagines it was rigged...But why linger on details when the District Attorney has not presented one bit of conclusive evidence that this car ever <u>was</u> tampered with ...And here I <u>must</u> remind you that the burden of evidence is for the prosecution to bear -- and if there is any reasonable doubt in your minds, then your verdict must be Not Guilty...

(CONTINUED)

88A (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (cont'd)
But the District Attorney asks you to send these two young people to the gas chamber for yet another reason -- BECAUSE THEY ARE IN LOVE! Ladies and gentlemen, I was surprised and shocked to hear Mister Judson blacken the characters of a man and woman whose whole offense against society is that they happened to fall in love...A young girl wanted to leave a luxurious home, elope with a hard-working, ambitious war veteran, and build a simple life together...Is this profane and shameful? I leave the answer to you, ladies and gentlemen...If love is a crime, Frank and Diane Jessup are guilty. But this is the only crime that has been, or can be, proved against them!

The court is still and hushed as he slowly walks to the counsel table.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

88b A television truck - mobile unit - is parked outside. Bright lights hit the mob of people gathered outside waiting for the verdict. A Good Humor truck passes with its CHIMES jingling.

CAMERA MOVES IN to PICK UP the TV-newscaster. Nearby stands a girl in slacks and her boyfriend in a Hawaiian shirt.

TV MAN
...second successive night of their deliberations, but have not yet reached a verdict... So as we did last night, we're impaneling our own jury here in front of the courthouse to see how twelve citizens chosen at random would vote on the Tremayne case...And our Juror Number One tonight is....

(CONTINUED)

END OF PART XII

88b (CONTINUED)

GIRL
(simpering)
Grace Bolko -- Ocean Park.

TV MAN
And have you been following the case, Miss Bolko?

GIRL
I certainly have....in the newspapers and on the radio.... I even got into court once -- but they adjourned.

TV MAN
And how would you vote -- guilty or not guilty?

GIRL
I honestly don't know....first you think one way, then you think another....

TV MAN
(elaborately)
Well, thank you, Miss Bolko.... and what about you, sir?

MAN
Hankinson, Charles J. -- Santa Monica.

TV MAN
If you were up there in that jury room now, Mister Hankinson, how would you vote -- guilty or not guilty?

OVER the TV Man's last speech the CAMERA BEGINS PANNING UPWARD on the court building UNTIL IT IS SHOOTING THROUGH a closed window into the jury room. The discussion is heated and so is the room, but we can hear none of the deliberations until one of the jurors crosses to the window and throws it open.

FOREMAN
(wearily)
....so we're right back where we started! All right, let's go over it once again....

DISSOLVE

INT, COURTHOUSE - DAY

89 FULL SHOT. The judge looks toward the jurors who have filed into the jury box. Frank and Diane sit at the counsel table with Barrett.

JUDGE
(to the jurors)
Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN
We have.

At a signal from the judge, the bailiff takes a slip of paper from the foreman, brings it to the clerk, who in turn passes it to the judge. The judge reads it, hands it back to the clerk.

JUDGE
Mr. Clerk, will you read the verdict?

The clerk takes the paper and reads:

CLERK
We, the jury, find the defendants Frank Jessup and Diane Tremayne Jessup, not guilty.

In a second the entire court is a bedlam. The newspapermen and cameramen converge upon the stunned Frank and Diane.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TREMAYNE HOUSE - DAY

90 It is about noon. Barrett's magnificent chauffeur-driven limousine rolls up to the front door. With Barrett are Diane and Frank. The chauffeur jumps out to open the door.

BARRETT
Well, we deserve a little rest, all of us.
(shakes Diane's hand)
Goodbye, Diane....

DIANE
Won't you come in, Mr. Barrett?

BARRETT
Some other time, maybe.

FRANK
(getting out of car)
Well, thanks, Mr. Barrett.

Frank helps Diane out.

BARRETT
(a smile)
Best of luck, both of you.

He shuts the door, nods to his chauffeur, and the car drives away. For a moment Diane and Frank stand there - looking after him. They turn as the front door is opened by Ito. A little behind him stands Chiyo. They are both beaming.

ITO
Welcome home, Miss Diane --

Ito corrects himself with an apologetic smile.

ITO (cont'd)
Mr. and Mrs. Jessup. Very happy occasion....

Chiyo beams, gives a little bow and says nothing.

DIANE
Thank you, both.

FRANK
Hello, Ito -- Chiyo.

Frank follows Diane into the hall.

INT. TRENAYNE ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

91 Diane and Frank enter, with Ito trailing and Chiyo ducking off back into the pantry. Diane has the air of a person seeing a house for the first time. Ito catches up with her as she pauses in the entrance to the living room.

ITO
Lunch is ready any time, Miss Diane.

DIANE
Not quite yet, Ito.

FRANK
(dismissing him)
We'll let you know!

ITO
Yes sir....

He scurries off.

92 FULL SHOT - Living Room - SHOOTING TOWARD dining room. We see now that the dining room table has been festively set -- with a large bunch of flowers in the center and a bottle of champagne nestling in a cooler.

Frank continues across toward the entrance of the dining room, while Diane stands in the living room.

FRANK
At least someone thinks we ought to celebrate.

He enters the dining room.

FRANK (cont'd)
Why not?

He takes the champagne bottle out of the bucket.

FRANK (cont'd)
(sardonically)
Champagne and all!

He starts removing the wire. Diane crosses the room toward him.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
I'd rather have had bourbon, but this'll do.

DIANE
(eagerly)
I'll get some bourbon for you.
(she heads for pantry door)

FRANK
Don't bother.

DIANE
It's no trouble...

FRANK
(with temper)
I said never mind!

It stops her. She turns...Frank -- a little ashamed at his own outburst -- regains control, but he has lost interest in a drink. He slowly returns to the table and shoves the bottle -- neck down -- into the ice-bucket. He turns to her.

FRANK (cont'd)
I guess I don't feel like a drink.

Slowly he returns to the living room and stands there. She follows him.

DIANE
(faltering)
I don't suppose you could ever forget...or forgive me for...?

He looks at her - as if to say "How crazy do you think I am?"

DIANE (cont'd)
(reading his answer)
No, I shouldn't even have asked. ...But I do want you to know one thing -- and believe it... I'd give my life -- gladly -- to bring them back...both of them.

She wanders over to the piano, stands by it, looking off through the window.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
I was living in the country when my mother was caught in that air raid. I was only ten...Her death seemed something far away... I had no playmates...My father was everything...Then he met Catherine...I resented her from the first. I remember so clearly -- I used to play a game of Pretend...It always began "If Catherine were dead" and I'd imagine all the wonderful things Daddy and I would do...
(turning to him)
But Death was only a word...I really didn't know what it meant until...I saw his body -- and hers -- hurt and broken...And suddenly I realized she had loved him too -- and actually had done nothing to harm me.

She breaks.

FRANK
It's done! All the talk in the world won't change it!

She moves toward him.

DIANE
Don't leave me! Please! I wouldn't know what to do with my life without you!

FRANK
You'll make out all right. You're in the clear now. You don't need me.

DIANE
But I do! We've gone through all this together...

FRANK
We've gone through all this together because a smart lawyer had his jury figured right -- and for no other reason!...So don't try to make anything else of it.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
I don't blame you for being bitter, but I did try to tell the truth...I wanted to confess ...but he said they wouldn't believe me...they'd find you guilty too.

FRANK
Oh, I get it...It was all for my sake!...Okay. If it makes you feel any better...But you might as well tell your lawyer to start preparing the divorce papers...I'm clearing out.

He starts for the hall.

DIANE
(flaring)
Mary won't take you back!

It stops him.

FRANK
Do you want to bet?

DIANE
She wouldn't spend the rest of her life wondering whether her husband really committed a murder.

FRANK
What do you know about a girl like Mary? You don't think the same.

DIANE
(defiantly)
No, and we don't love the same either...It wouldn't matter to me what you did, or what you were -- and you know it... You can pretend to hate me, but you don't -- really...You couldn't hate anyone who loves you as much as I do!

FRANK
I don't hate you...But I'm still getting out.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

He turns, moves again toward the ball.

DIANE
Are you still willing to make that bet?

FRANK
Name it! But remember, I'm not in your league financially.

DIANE
Take my car...If I'm wrong, it's yours...If I'm right, bring it back!

Frank thinks a moment.

FRANK
You mean: bring the car back?...

DIANE
(accepting it)
That's right.

FRANK
(a shrug)
Fair enough.

He leaves.

DISSOLVE

92 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
Take my car, Frank. If I'm wrong about Mary, keep it. It's yours. If not --

FRANK
If not...? What then?

DIANE
Then - just bring it back...

Frank looks at her. He is about to refuse, but he detects a challenge in her little smile.

FRANK
(shrugs)
Fair enough....

He exits.

DISSOLVE

END OF PART X

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

93 Mary is crossing the room to answer the door. She opens it. Frank stands in the hall. His smile is just a bit uncertain.

FRANK
I could say 'I just happened to be passing by.'

Mary doesn't smile.

MARY
(quietly)
Come in, Frank.

FRANK
Thanks.

He steps into the room. She pulls the door shut, looks at his back thoughtfully.

FRANK (cont'd)
(turning)
It meant a lot, seeing you in court every day -- knowing you were rooting for me.

MARY
(uncomfortably)
That's all right.

Frank looks around as the kitchen door swings open and Bill comes through carrying a can of beer which he is in the process of opening.

BILL
I might have known it! Only one cold beer in the house and you show up!

He moves to offer it to Frank, but Frank stops him with a gesture.

FRANK
It's all yours!

BILL
We couldn't get near you in court this morning.
(awkwardly)
Anyway I guess you know without our saying...

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)

FRANK
Sure...But let's skip it, huh... I want to forget the whole thing...Right now I'd like to talk to Mary alone for a minute.

BILL
OBJECTION!...And no one's going to overrule me, either!
(levelly)
Anything you got to say to Mary, you can say in front of me!

FRANK
Okay...
(turning to her)
Mary, about my marriage...I want you to know it never meant anything -- just something Barrett cooked up for the trial. ...I'm getting a divorce.

Mary stares, but Bill doesn't give her a chance to speak. He comes up, still holding his untasted can of beer.

BILL
That's supposed to make everything just dandy, huh?

FRANK
I wasn't talking to you...This is between Mary and me.

BILL
No, it's between Mary and <u>me</u>.

MARY
Please! Let's not have any fuss.

BILL
(mad)
I don't want any fuss...just set him straight, that's all.

MARY
I'm TRYING TO, if you'll give me a chance!...I'm sorry, Frank, but Bill is right! You just can't walk in the door, say you're getting divorced and expect me to fall into your arms!

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)

FRANK
I don't expect that!...I know I got off base...but I'll make it up to you...All I'm asking is a chance...
(to Bill)
Unless you're afraid of competition?

BILL
(to Mary)
If you want to talk it over, it's all right with me.

He goes to the table, sets down his can of beer - preparatory to leaving. But Mary stops him.

MARY
Don't go...I guess I'm the one who's afraid of competition... Frank, you know the night at the hospital when the call came in from the Tremayne place?

FRANK
Yeah...If it had just come in five minutes later...

MARY
That's what I told myself at first, and I wished with all my heart it had happened that way... But Bill was on that call too, remember.
(she lets it sink in)
With you I'd always be worrying. ...Because there are a lot of Dianes around...and I want a marriage, not a competition... I want a husband, not a trophy I have to defend over and over again...Maybe you'd keep coming back, but that's not for me!

FRANK
Sure you're not saying this because you think maybe I'm guilty after all?

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)

MARY
No....I never believed that....

FRANK
(heading for door)
I guess that's it....so long, you two.

He leaves. Mary turns to Bill, who is heading for his can of beer.

MARY
Bill, do you think he'll go back to her?

BILL
Why ask me? I never could figure what he saw in the dame in the first place.

MARY
For that you rate a kiss.

Bill looks ruefully at the can of beer.

BILL
I gotta hunch this'll be flat before I ever get around to it.

MARY
You dog!

They both laugh as he sets the beer can down for the last time and she goes to him.

DISSOLVE

INT. DIANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

94 Diane is talking to Ito and Chiyo. She gives Ito a check. He takes it.

ITO
You are going away?

DIANE
Yes, I'm closing the house.... Possibly for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

ITO
You wish us to find other employment right away?

DIANE
Take all the time you need.... I want to be sure you find a good place....Well, then....

She rises and shakes hands with them.

ITO
You are very kind, Mis' Diane.

CHIYO
(nodding)
Yes, yes....

ITO
Good night, Mis' Diane....

They go and she looks after them, then turns, goes to her piano, sits and plays a few chords. Then she rises and moves restlessly across and out of the room.

INT. TREMAYNE HALLWAY - NIGHT

95 Diane goes down the hall, opens the door to Catherine's room, looks in, then closes the door. She crosses the hall to her father's bedroom, enters, stands looking around.

INT. MR. TREMAYNE'S STUDY - NIGHT

96 She enters from the bedroom into the study, sees the chessmen set up, comes slowly to the table, picks up one of the chess pieces, grips it, then sets it down and walks out.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TREMAYNE COURTYARD - NIGHT

97 Diane comes through the courtyard and looks around at the empty garage. She heads toward Frank's apartment.

CUT

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

98 Diane quickly comes up the stairs, turns on a light, CAMERA PANNING WITH her as she moves to his suitcase, finds it empty. She goes into his bedroom and finds some unpacked shirts and clothes on the dresser. She returns to the living room, looks at his coat draped over a chair. She picks it up, holds it to her, as CAMERA MOVES TO the darkened window and HOLDS.

DISSOLVE

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAWN

99 The morning light comes through the window and CAMERA PANS OVER TO Diane, sitting in a chair with Frank's coat wrapped around her. She is staring, stonily, ahead. The SOUND of Ito's car comes over and Diane runs out of the room, throwing the coat down on the chair.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN

100-102 Ito is driving out of the garage as Diane comes running up to him.

DIANE
Ito! Ito!

Ito stops the car.

ITO
Good morning, Miss - I mean, Madam.

Ito gets out of the car.

DIANE
Are you going into town, Ito?

ITO
Yes. I'm going to the agency to look for another job.

DIANE
Would you wait a moment and drop me off in Beverly Hills?

ITO
Yes, Miss Diane.

He stands waiting beside the car while Diane hurries back into the house.

DISSOLVE

END OF PART XIII

INT. BARRETT'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

103 The receptionist behind the desk looks up as Diane enters.

DIANE
Has he come in?

The girl is shaking her head almost before Diane opens her mouth.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, but Mr. Barrett hasn't called in yet...

DIANE
But there must be some way you can reach him!

RECEPTIONIST
It's like I told you this morning, Mrs. Jessup...when he left here yesterday he warned us not to expect him...He was TIRED...Now I know he's not at home and I've tried all the other numbers I dare to try...

Diane wearily crosses to a leather chair. The Receptionist looks after her, shrugs slightly - as though to say "Have it your own way."

Just then the door opens and in breezes Barrett - wearing a light suit and sporty tie. He doesn't spot Diane...sitting against the same wall the door is on.

BARRETT
(to receptionist)
Hello Shirley...anything important?

Diane is on her feet, crossing to him.

DIANE
Mr. Barrett...

BARRETT
Diane!...What brings you here?

He takes her arm and guides her into his suite of offices. As they go:

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT (cont'd)
I thought you'd seen enough of me to last a lifetime ---

INT. BARRETT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

104 It is a handsomely furnished, modern deal. Barrett opens the closed door - suggesting they have passed through at least one other office or waiting room between his office and the reception desk. He ushers her in and indicates a seat. He crosses to a small bar.

BARRETT
I had no idea you were waiting... Something to drink? Sherry?...

Diane shakes her head. He mixes a drink and returns to his desk.

BARRETT (cont'd)
Now what's the problem?

DIANE
(a rehearsed speech)
I want to make a statement... I want someone to copy it down and I want to sign it -- in the presence of witnesses.

BARRETT
(slight amusement)
Well! Mind telling me, first, what the statement's about?

DIANE
(firmly)
I want it taken down -- just as I say it...

BARRETT
(reaching for intercom switch)
...and you want to sign it and have it witnessed. Very well...
(into intercom)
Will you send somebody in, Shirley?

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

Barrett turns back to Diane.

BARRETT (cont'd)
Anything to please a client... especially so lovely a client...

The door opens and in comes a secretary -- Miss Preston.

BARRETT (cont'd)
Mrs. Jessup wishes to make a statement. Take it down...
(to Diane)
Go ahead.

DIANE
(taking a breath)
I hereby swear that it was I -- and I alone -- who killed my stepmother, Catherine Tremayne, and my...

The girl looks up amazedly from her notebook and Barrett is about six inches out of his chair, leaning across the desk.

BARRETT
Hold on now!...Never mind, Miss Preston -- just forget that!...

He waves her out. The girl starts to get up.

DIANE
(protesting)
No, stay here. I want it taken down!...Every word.

BARRETT
(patiently)
Diane! Why go all through it again! You've been tried, you've been acquitted! Now there's only one thing to do -- forget it, put it out of your mind completely -- as though it never happened...

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
You wouldn't listen before... you wouldn't believe me...But now you must listen!...Frank has been freed and I can tell the truth...Now, may I tell it -- and will she take it all down?

BARRETT
All right. If you insist.

DIANE
I killed them both and Frank knew nothing about it. That is, he knew I hated Catherine ...at least I did then -- and he suspected me. I let him think he had talked me out of it...Then one day, when he was working on her car, I got him to explain how the automatic transmission worked -- Am I going to fast?

MISS PRESTON
No.

BARRETT
(hitting it)
So he did show you how to fix the car!

DIANE
No, no, no!....But I know how to get things out of people... I'm always asking questions, it's a habit of mine...and people are so accustomed to it, they answer -- without thinking why I want to know...
(reminiscently)
He loves to talk about motors...

BARRETT
(half convinced)
And you actually did it all by yourself?

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
Yes, on that Thursday. Frank left right after Ito and Chiyo. So before Catherine came down, it took only a few minutes -- I did exactly what that Mister Miller described at the trial.

BARRETT
At last! A technical expert who knows his stuff!
(easily)
Well, do you feel better now that it's off your conscience?

DIANE
It will never be off my conscience, Mister Barrett -- but now that Frank has left I have nothing to live for.

BARRETT
I can't believe he's really serious about leaving you. No young man in his right mind is going to run away from a girl like you and a half-million dollar inheritance.

DIANE
He's gone to the girl he loved before he met me. She's taken him back, I think. He didn't come home last night -- so please let me sign that. Then you can take me to the district attorney and everything will be all right.

BARRETT
Listen, Diane, once you've been tried for a crime and acquitted, you can never be tried again or punished for it.

DIANE
But I'm guilty!

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

BARRETT
It doesn't matter. The law calls it double jeopardy. You could sign that statement a dozen times before a dozen witnesses -- you could shout it from the housetops or read it on the radio -- and there isn't a thing anyone can do about it -- no, I take that back -- there is one thing -- They'd probably put you in an insane asylum.
(pause)
Do you want that?

Diane stares at him, then stands. Barrett gets up from behind his desk and crosses to where Miss Preston sits. He takes her notebook and rips out the few pages of her notes. Very slowly he tears them in shreds, as Diane goes to the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TREMAYNE HOUSE - EVENING

105 A taxicab pulls into the courtyard. Diane gets out, pays the driver. As the driver swings around, his headlights pick up the Jaguar standing in the garage. Diane sees it and hurries eagerly toward the garage. She looks at the car, then races around the side of the building and up the steps to Frank's apartment.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - EVENING

106 A radio newscast is on. Frank is in the bedroom. We see his shadow moving about.

NEWSCASTER
...and so, with her acquittal, Diane gets full control of the Tremayne estate -- estimated at over half-a-million dollars -- and it's expected that she and her chauffeur-husband will spend part of that little nest egg on a honeymoon trip abroad...And that's the news to now...So back to the Romance Ballroom...

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

During the latter half of this, Frank enters the room -- carrying a suitcase, which he sets by the chair. He goes to a table -- drops some keys, which he takes from his pocket. The dance MUSIC comes in over the radio, we hear Diane's steps racing up the stairs and a second later she opens the door. She stands waiting for him to speak.

FRANK
You won your bet all right.

He goes to the table, picks up the keys he had dropped there, hands them to her. Her expression is bright again.

FRANK (cont'd)
Thanks for the use of the car.

DIANE
(high)
You needn't have packed...Ito could have brought your things over!

FRANK
(drily)
To Mexico? That's where I'm going!

DIANE
Have you ever been there?

He shakes his head.

DIANE (cont'd)
It's wonderful! Mexico City -- Acapulco! -- the roof of the Casablanca! Dancing under the stars!...The night air is warm...and way down below is the harbor and all the little fishing boats -- like fireflies ...The orchestra is playing Clair De Lune and --

FRANK
(breaking away)
Sorry, but my bus leaves in forty minutes.

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
(not pretending now)
Frank...take me with you!

FRANK
Unh-uh.

Her arms go around him, fingers gripping him.

DIANE
I can't let you go, darling. I can't.

FRANK
(forcing her hands away)
You never quit trying, do you!

DIANE
No.
(she forces a little smile)
Will you give me forty minutes more -- to <u>try</u>...? Let me take you to the bus station.

He shakes his head.

DIANE (cont'd)
Please! Please, darling! Forty minutes?

FRANK
What's the use, Diane?...It's through, it's finished.
(he looks at his watch)
We've said everything there is to say.

DIANE
Please! This one last chance?

He shrugs.

FRANK
You're just making it rough on yourself, but...okay.

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

DIANE
I won't be a minute!

She runs from the room. Frank looks after her, then shakes his head. He crosses to the threshold and stands, looking into the room and to where the bed is. He looks a long time, then he flicks the light switch off.

The MUSIC on the radio breaks into some Latin-American number. Frank looks at the radio, smiling a little quizzically at this second invitation to Mexico. He crosses to the radio, listens a moment and then -- with decision -- shuts it off. He feels in his pockets to make sure he has everything, takes a last look around the room, goes to pick up his suitcase and heads for the door.

EXT. COURTYARD AND GARAGE - EVENING

107 Diane comes running from the house toward the garage, carrying a bottle of champagne and two glasses. She runs into the garage, climbs into the Jaguar, starts the motor and snaps on the headlights. She drives the car out just as Frank comes down from his apartment, carrying his suitcase.

She cuts the motor and takes the keys from the ignition. Her manner is gay, bubbling.

DIANE
Here are the keys!

She tosses them when he is still a few feet away. He makes the catch.

FRANK
Thanks.

He continues to the back of the car, opens the trunk, stows his suitcase in it. Diane turns to watch him.

DIANE
(hinting)
You know it would be exciting to drive this clear to Mexico.

FRANK
Yeah...why don't you <u>do</u> that sometime...?

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

He returns to the car, spots the champagne bottle as he reaches to hand her the keys.

FRANK
What is this?

He picks the bottle up. She laughs. He takes the two glasses from the seat as he gets in. DURING THIS:

DIANE
I thought it might help change your mind...

She puts the keys in the ignition, turns the switch.

FRANK
Two glasses? Since when do you drink?

She starts the motor.

DIANE
Might as well begin sometime...

The car slowly moves forward as Frank gets the cork free.

FRANK
Hey, take it easy!

She stops the car and he starts to pour both glasses. Diane slams the car into reverse and gives it full throttle. Frank's arms are jolted and the bottle of champagne flies into the air. His half-begun shout is lost in the full ROAR of the motor, as the car leaps back and hurtles over the cliff,

FADE OUT

THE END